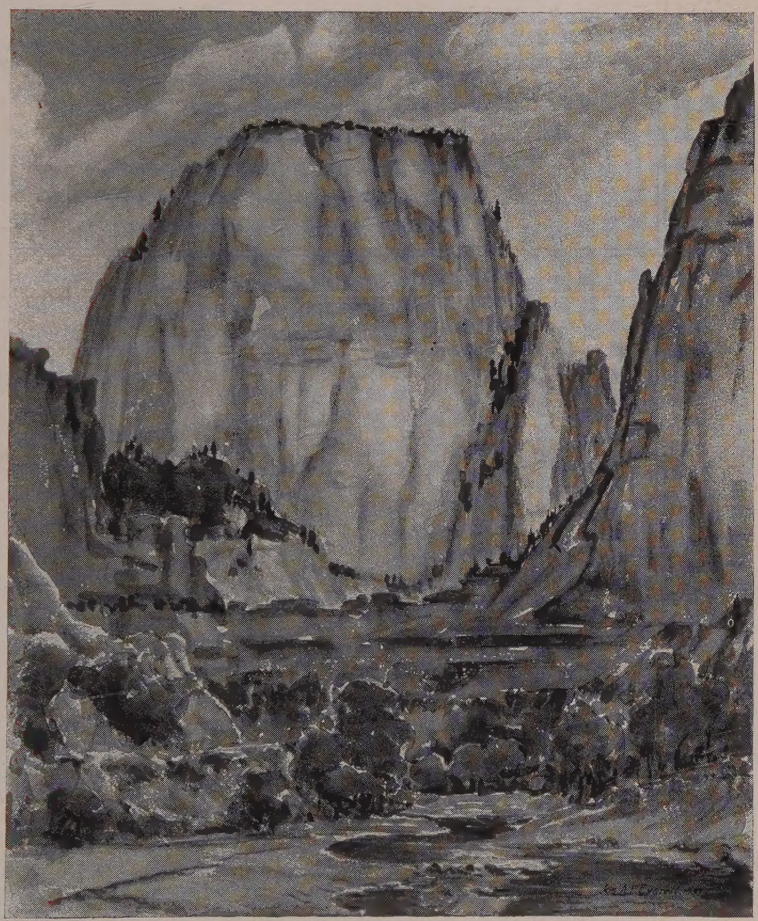
The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXIV OCTOBER, 1937 No. 10



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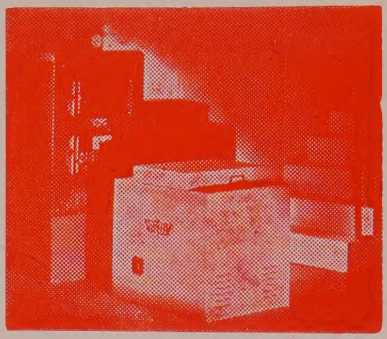

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIV OCTOBER, 1937 No. 10

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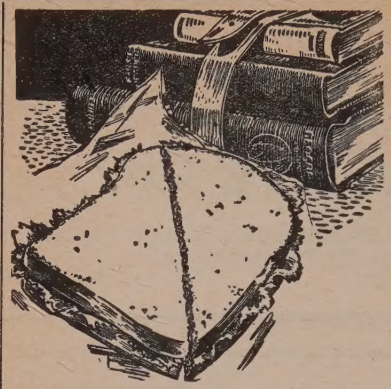

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The Forward Look

By Della Adams Leitner

God grant to us, we pray, the forward look,
The bright anticipation—what may be—
Leaving behind our old regrets, delays
Which bind us to the past. Let us be free
To travel on the upward path in joy,
Untrammeled with the burden of the years,
Seeking the new adventures of the way
With keen delight and undismayed by fears.

For what has been is riches to our souls,
Enabling us to see with clearer view,
Has given us strength and wisdom and prepared
Our hearts and hands for tasks enlarged and new.
So help us bless the past and then forget
The things we cannot change; oh, let us cease
To harbor ill but trust Thee more and share
What we have gained for service, welfare, peace.

ELISE BENSON ALDER

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXIV OCTOBER, 1937 No. 10

Elise B. Alder

By Nettie D. Bradford

ELISE BENSON ALDER, one of our Father's choicest daughters, was called home to her reward, August 22, 1937. Her loss will be keenly felt not only by her family, but by the General Board and the many Relief Society members throughout the Church that she loved and served so well.

Elise was born in Logan, Utah, March 10, 1873. Her parents, George Taft Benson and Louisa Ballif were of sturdy pioneer stock, leaders in their communities, and they endowed their daughter with sterling qualities. She was exceptionally proud of her ancestors, and she always said that any success she had achieved was due to her inheritance and to her husband who so ably assisted her in whatever she had to do.

Mrs. Alder was a beautiful woman of stately, dignified mien. This made her a splendid presiding officer. Her devotion to her husband and her family was outstanding and gave her a certain queenliness. She took pride in her family who have been a credit to a fine mother. She was extremely happy to be a grandmother and dearly loved her grandchildren.

She was always full of enthusiasm, and inspired others with her dynamic personality. It has often been said by Relief Society members in different stakes where Mrs. Alder visited, "We will never forget Sister Alder and her wonderful talk to our visiting teachers. It inspired us all to put forth greater effort, and practically assured our success."

She had a very affectionate nature and loved her associates and admired their achievements. She was always so proud and happy when any member of the General Board received recognition for outstanding work. She was never backward in giving a word of praise for a task well done, no matter how inconspicuous it might be. Her warm and loving heart gave her a magnetic personality, and this with her natural eloquence, her optimism and faith made her a leader among women.

HER leadership began at an early age. Her first position in the Latter-day Saint Church was that of Secretary of the Primary Association in the Whitney Ward in Oneida Stake. Her duties in the Church organizations have been numerous and varied since then. She served

as teacher, chorister, counselor and president in every organization in the Church, both in Whitney Ward and in Salt Lake City. She was a teacher in the public schools in Idaho, and taught in the Primary Department in the Oneida Stake Academy for three years prior to her marriage to George Alfred Alder in October, 1895. She did not have a teacher's certificate so one of the board suggested that she be replaced by one holding the required credentials, but Dr. Karl G. Maeser after visiting her school three times said, "She is a natural-born teacher. Keep her as long as you can."

Mrs. Alder was always interested in music and directed many choruses as well as a ward choir. I have often heard her speak of "my boys" when mentioning a boys' chorus of forty members she was training. At one time the Whitney choir of 16 voices under her leadership entered a contest at an Eisteddfod at Logan. The boy chosen to sing the baritone part became so frightened that he could not sing. She unhesitatingly sang his role and her group carried off first prize from the eleven competing choirs.

She grew up with a knowledge of Relief Society work, for her mother was Stake President of the Oneida Stake Relief Societies for sixteen years. Mrs. Alder was Secretary of the organization during some of this time. It was after she moved to Salt Lake City that her wonderful work in the Relief Society really began, however. In August, 1915, she was appointed President of the Twentieth Ward Relief Society. A few months later she was made President of the Relief Societies in the Ensign Stake, where she served for eight years. It was during her labors as a stake President that we first became closely associated, for at that time it was my privilege to be President of the Relief Societies in the Salt Lake Stake. We often discussed our work together and visited conferences in each other's stakes. We worked together with the other Salt Lake City Stake Presidents to establish a storehouse to supply the needy with clothes and other commodities, the first thing of the sort that had been done up to that time. We also worked together on a Committee of Stake Presidents for the arranging of a banquet in honor of the General Board. Elise B. Alder was the toastmistress at that banquet which was held in April, 1924. She was a pleasing speaker and loved to give talks. At one time she said that one of her great desires was to be a good public speaker. Her desire was realized for many people have stated how they enjoyed Mrs. Alder's addresses in the different stakes and at the General Relief Society Conferences.

MY associations with Mrs. Alder have continued to be very close. We were called to the General Board of the Relief Society at the same time, April, 1925, and during all these years we have sat side by side in our Board meetings. We served on several committees together. Mrs. Alder put her heart and soul in her work for she loved to be of service.

Loyalty was one of her outstanding characteristics. She was ever loyal to husband, children, home, friends and associates; loyal and faithful to her work. Her motto seemed to be "The work must go on." A number of years ago she met with an accident, and was relieved of her duties for several months because she insisted that she must not hinder the progress of the work.

Although so busily engaged in

public service, she still had time to do a great deal of handwork. She loved to crochet, and has made many beautiful afghans, luncheon sets and other articles for her family and friends during her spare moments. She was never idle.

She was most appreciative. One of her greatest joys was to repay a kindness shown her. A piece of her delicious home-made candy has been enjoyed by many a one who has helped her in some way. She was never happier than when doing something for someone else. She loved and helped her neighbors in various ways. Her life is a shining example of true service to others.

Perhaps my personal feelings can be best expressed briefly in this little poem by Emmeline B. Wells:

"I count thy friendship as a precious boon;
Indeed it has been very dear to me;
Among the many women I have known,
None have been truer, or more sweet than thee."

BUILD AGAIN

By Gertrude Perry Stanton

My plant was broken; careless, hurrying hands
Had snapped the tender branches from their stem.
With saddened eyes I gazed upon the stump,
Almost discarded it as total loss;
But thinking that perhaps deep-bedded roots
Might have the strength to start another sprout,
I left it in my window. Months slipped by,
And in the room a miracle was wrought;
Buds first appearing, sent up shoots, waxed strong,—
The old plant never was so lovely, straight,
Symmetrical as this new growth became.

Sometimes in life it seems a crushing blow
Strikes at the living branches of our hearts,
Leaving us stripped of what we loved the most,
Only a bruised and shattered semblance left.
Courage, faint souls! If but your roots are deep,
Wholesome, and twined among the things that last,—
The kindly hand of rushing, lingering Time
May bring a fuller life of finer form,
Sprung from the ruins of your former dreams.

Address

REMARKS OF PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT AT THE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1937

THIS is a very remarkable and wonderful audience for a week day. I am just wondering if we will be able to compare with it in our General Conference meetings Monday and Tuesday, at which time not only one organization, but the entire Church will be interested in the conference.

AS you have heard me say many times, for that which I have accomplished in the battle of life I give credit to my mother first and foremost. In my observations I have found that many men who have been successful in the battle of life are indebted principally to the example, the energy, and the untiring labors of faithful mothers.

My mother having been all in all to me, my father having died when I was only nine days old, I owe her a debt of gratitude beyond all the ability with which God has endowed me to express it. In my youthful days many times I shed tears because of the lack of advice, association, and love of a father, such as I saw extended to boys by their fathers. But take it all in all, I am grateful beyond expression for the marvelous example of my mother who devotedly spent thirty-odd years of her life as the president of the 13th Ward Relief Society, and the only reason that she retired from that position even then—which by the way was at her own request—was that her hearing had almost completely failed her.

I have sometimes attributed my ability to speak in this building so that the people could hear, before we had any amplifiers here and when it was considered a great task to stand in this auditorium and address the people for fear they could not hear you—as I say I have sometimes attributed my capacity along this line to the fact that I had to throw my voice at my mother in such a way that she could hear me.

IT is a wonderful thing to be connected with any institution that is built upon service, upon giving, and not receiving. I read a book, "The Return to Religion," by an eminent writer, a psychologist, who had been an unbeliever but who returned to religion because of giving so much scriptural advice to people who came to him for instruction. There has been nothing truer written than the statement, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." I congratulate the good sisters of the Relief Society that they are going to make a specialty—judging from what I read in the newspapers, both in the Deseret News and the Tribune—of trying to train people to do things, and to do them for themselves instead of expecting somebody else to do them for them.

We as a people have the credit of taking care of our people as no other Church has done. I remember that one of my nearest and dearest friends, not of our faith, was accidentally killed at the depot by a switch engine, and some months after his death I attended a social gathering of friends at the home of his widow. My wife and I and some of our daughters were present. During the evening his widow asked me

to step across the room and sit down on a lounge with her. She said:

"Mr. Grant I am going to tell you something that I believe will please you. Just a short time before Dave was killed he said to me, 'Kate, you know we have lived among these Mormons for twenty-five long years, they are, I believe, the very best people in all the world. They take better care of their sick, the Relief Society sisters look after the sick and the poor with the help of the Bishop of the Ward, through the donations to the Bishop and the Relief Society. They do not hire some high pressure salesman to raise a hurrah, and induce people to pay money into their organization, thirty to fifty per cent of all the money that is gathered being used for expenses. All of the money which goes to the Relief Society funds and the Bishop's funds for the poor is distributed to the needy. So really and truly, after twenty-five years of residence among this people, I have come to the conclusion that they are the best people to look after their sick and their poor, and they are really and truly one great family of brothers and sisters. I don't want to break your heart, you are a devout Catholic, and your parents and your grandparents were Catholics, but, really, Kate, I would join them were it not for the fact that it would break your heart. I took you all the way to Rome to see the Pope, and it took a lot of red tape and difficulty for even a millionaire to get to see the Pope, but the humblest washwoman in the Mormon Church can get to see the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints'."

I remember meeting this same man on Main Street one morning, (I naturally walk a little fast) and he said:

"Hold on, Grant, don't walk so fast, I want to say something. Do you know, you are running your Church just to suit me. If you had come down to my office yesterday and said, 'Dave Wood, you have lived among us for twenty-five years, you have the largest livestock business in Idaho, and you have a Mormon Bishop running your business, nearly everybody in your employ is a Mormon. You have been our loyal, true friend at home and abroad, not only in this country, but wherever you have traveled. I have been told to come down here, as you are well acquainted with all the leading men of the Mormon Church from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south, to tell you that on account of your loyal friendship we are going to let you nominate the best man in the whole Mormon Church to fill the vacancy in the quorum of the Twelve Apostles.' I would not have taken a breath or batted an eye, I would have hollered 'Ivins.' Good day. I am glad you are running your Church to suit me'."

That was a wonderful compliment when you stop to think of it.

I HAD a letter when I, as a young man, was made an Apostle, from a non-member of the Church, a man by the way, of prominence in the world so far as business affairs are concerned, the manager of a great corporation, in which he said: "I never thought very much of the leaders of the Mormon people, in fact I thought they were a very bright, keen, designing lot of fellows, getting rich from the tithes that they gathered in from a lot of ignorant, superstitious, and over-zealous religious people, but now that you are one of the fifteen men at the head of the Mormon Church, I apologize to the other fourteen. I know that if there were anything crooked in the

management of the Mormon Church you would give it all away."

NO truer statement was ever made than the one attributed to Josh Billings: "Never judge a man by his relatives, he cannot help them, they are crowded onto him; but judge him by the company he keeps, for he picks his own." To my mind, there is no gathering among the Latter-day Saints where the company is any finer and where there is a more intelligent and greater desire for the welfare of the people than when our Relief Society sisters meet together and when our young women meet together. There is a spirituality, there is a humility, there is a genuine love in the hearts of women, greater on an average by far than that which we find in the hearts of men.

I am very grateful indeed that you good sisters are going to try to educate people to take care of themselves, but it is only fair for me to say to you that there are a number of people you are not going to be able to change. There are many people who are born tired and never get rested. There are any number of people who just naturally have no conception of self-independence. Our country today is in a terrible condition on that account principally. When I stop to realize that I once stood and counted deliberately, while watching men labor, one, two, three, four, and then ten times four,—between two shovelfuls of dirt, and then the shovel was only half full. I can not help thinking of what I was told, I think it was by Brother George Romney. He said his father was superintendent of public works, and he said he could pick out the men who were working by the day on the temple block cutting rocks, also in the great, long carpenter shop, (I think fully 300 feet long on the north part of this block). He said, "The way I can tell whether they are hired by the day or by the job is that they are hammering, by the day—by the day—by the day; and the others, by the job, by the job, by the job, job, job; by the job, by the job, by the job, job, job."

NOW, you have got a job on your hands and a big one. It is going to require more than educating the tired people if you get them to do their full share in the Relief Society. Your hearts will ache lots of times, because of your failure to change some people who, as I say, were born tired and never got rested.

REFERRING to that wonderful mother of mine, I remember that one day we had at least a half dozen, if not more, buckets on the floor, catching the rain that came through the roof. It was raining very heavily, and Bishop Edwin D. Woolley came into the house, and he said:

"Why, widow Grant, this will never do. I shall take some of the money from the Fast offerings, to put a new roof on this house."

"Oh, no you won't," said mother, "no relief money will ever put a roof on my house. I have sewing here"—she supported herself and me with a needle and thread for many years; later with a Wheeler and Wilcox sewing machine. I had to be mighty careful not to take hold of a thread and pull it, or I might have my clothes fall off; they had not learned how to fasten the stitches of that machine. They later made sewing machines that overcame this difficulty. Mother said, "When I get through with this sewing that I am now doing I will buy some shingles and patch the holes, and this house will take care of me until my son gets to be a man and builds a new one for me."

The Bishop went away and said

he was very sorry for Widow Grant, that if she waited for that boy to build a house she would never have one, for he was the laziest boy in the whole Thirteenth Ward. He went on to tell that I wasted my time throwing a ball across the fence behind the house hour after hour, day after day, and week after week, at his adobe barn. Thank the Lord for a mother who was a general as well as a Latter-day Saint, who realized that it was a remarkable and splendid thing to encourage a boy to do something besides perhaps milking cows if he was on a farm, if he had ambitions along athletic lines.

Being raised as an only child I was more or less like a hothouse plant, and when I joined the baseball club my official name was "sissy." The boys would say, "Throw it here, sissy." Mother by this time was keeping boarders for a living and I used to shine their shoes. I shined forty shoes and got a dollar, and I bought a baseball, and I told mother I would live to play in the nine that won the championship of the territory, and she encouraged me. Many a night she has tied up my arm with wet cloths because it ached so badly after throwing that ball at Bishop Woolley's barn. I did what I said I would do, and played in the nine that won the championship of the territory. I have never played a game since.

WE as a people are set upon a hill, so to speak. We have a great work to perform, and we are performing it splendidly, and we are performing it—that is, the men who hold the priesthood and occupy positions in the Church—by the help of the Relief Society and our young people who are faithful and true. Just think of it! Out of all the Stakes in the Church, more then eighty have reached the limit we placed of a dollar a year per capita Fast Day donation. That is a remarkable thing, and we are going to take care of our own, and we are going to instill in the minds of the people as far as possible that statement by Brigham Young, that we kept for weeks and months at the head of the Deseret News editorial column, to the effect that it was his policy not to give anybody anything unless he earned it; that people must do something to earn that which they receive. Nothing destroys the individuality of a man, a woman, or a child as much as the failure to be self-reliant.

In this book to which I have referred, written by a psychologist, the author says he pities the children of the rich, because they have no chance to develop themselves, that they are very greatly handicapped, and say "I do not have to," "I can do things, and I propose to do things," is what we ought to get into the minds of our children. You faithful, willing workers, inspire your children with the thought that there is nothing that counts so much as actions.

We find recorded in the twenty-ninth chapter of Alma that the Lord grants unto men according to the desires of their hearts, whether it be joy or sorrow, life or death; and we should have our hearts set upon doing those things that are pleasing to the Lord.

I remember hearing Brigham Young praise Edward Hunter for his great interest in taking care of the poor as the Presiding Bishop of the Church. I remember on one occasion his getting rid of a chronic beggar by keeping me in his office two solid hours. I was talking to him when the sister came into the office, and I started to get up to go out. He said: "Keep your seat, keep your seat." This woman was asking for some help. He would say,

"Oh, yes, yes, yes." Then he turned around and talked to me, I started to go, and he said again, "Keep your seat, keep your seat." Finally the woman left and he said, "Wear them out, Brother Grant," and then he let me go. He kept me there two hours to talk to me in order to wear the woman out. After she had gone he said: "That woman, that woman, you know she is a chronic beggar. I hate a beggar, I hate a beggar. There are the poor—the Lord's poor, and the devil's poor, and poor devils." We do not want to be taking care of any poor devils, we want to be taking care of the Lord's poor, and we want to take care of them to the very best of our ability, without the slightest feeling on their part that they are in the class with those who are not worthy of help. Those who are worthy, the poor of the Lord, as Brother Hunter said, we want to take care of. Like Bishop Hunter, I love the Lord's poor, and we should love our fellow men, and the Lord will bless us in all our helpful efforts.

I AM sure that we are going to succeed. I believe that my friend, David Wood, told the truth when he said we are like one great family of brothers and sisters.

After he had been dead a year I asked permission to have the work done for him in the temple. I wrote a letter to his widow, thinking it would be far better than to ask by word of mouth for permission to do the work for this man. I felt that the wife would have mighty hard work telling me that I could not do that work when she had already acknowledged to me that he wanted to join the Church and would have done so except for respect for her feelings. I felt that sooner or later she would come and give me that permission, which she eventually did. It was some months before she came, however. I do not know whether or not she had a struggle making up her mind to say yes. I had the pleasure of doing the Temple work for my dear friend.

Years later she was in California and was very sick. I tried to make arrangements to go and do my very best to convert her to the Gospel, so that she could be sealed to her husband. Circumstances prevented my going, and she returned and passed away. I always regretted very much that I had not had that opportunity. Finally I met President John W. Hart one day and he told me that before Mrs. Wood died she sent for his wife and begged her to do the Temple work for her and have her sealed to her husband. It was one of the joys of my life to perform the ordinance uniting those two people together for eternity.

IN all the work that we do let us not lose sight of the spiritual part of it. It seems to be the hardest thing in the world for people to grow in wealth and keep the spirit of the Gospel. A young man in California said to me: "My, I am so sorry because of the success that has attended my brother. He was making eight or ten thousand dollars a year, was a tithe-payer, a lover of the Gospel, and was doing good work here in California. He was promoted and given a position in the East at a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year, and was soon advanced to $25,000, and lo and behold, $2,500 tithing a year choked him to death spiritually. I would say he became cross-eyed spiritually, so to speak. The more he got the easier it ought to have been for him to pay his tithing if he would only look at what was left. You know bankers see people's statements. I know one man who earned $45,000, and his tithing was

only $600. His heart should have expanded with gratitude beyond expression when he looked at $40,500 which would have been left after paying an honest tithing.

LET us cultivate the love of God, the love of our brothers and sisters, and the love of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I owe more to the love and teachings of my mother, to Eliza R. Snow, and the Relief Society sisters than I do to the brethren. Why? Because I grew up from a little child in the Relief Society meetings. Mother had no one to leave me with and I played on the floor in many of those meetings. Aunt Eliza used to talk to me by the hour and tell me things about the Prophet Joseph Smith and it inspired in my heart a love for him almost beyond my ability to express, in fact, my mother, Sister Snow and others inspired in me a love for the Gospel and the Prophet Joseph Smith and the Authorities of this Church by their devotion to the work of God, by their example, not by talk alone.

Speaking of talking. A man delivered a very eloquent address and afterwards said to one of his friends: "What did you think of that talk of mine?"

His friend said: "Well, to be perfectly frank with you, I didn't hear a thing you said."

"Why? I have had very many compliments."

"Well, I never hear anything you say, because your acts ring in my ears so strong that I cannot hear you talk."

Let our actions count. That is the thing of real value. I appreciate my association with and my love of the women with whom my mother was associated, and I appreciated having the privilege of going out and distributing for the Relief Society things that were donated to the Society when my mother was the president of the Thirteenth Ward Relief Society. The gratitude of the honest, true Latter-day Saint who is in distress, for the help that is given to him, is one of the sweetest things that we can receive. "It is the spirit that giveth life, and the letter killeth." Let us cultivate the Spirit of God and keep his commandments.

I BELIEVE, and believe it firmly, that among all the people of the Latter-day Saints who are in financial distress there are hardly any who have been honest tithe-payers. Somehow or other God enlarges the capacity and ability of those who are liberal. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and we want to cultivate the spirit of giving. It annoys me when men whom the Lord blesses with great abundance are not willing to do their full duty. I am in favor of trying to save the weak-kneed; I am in favor of trying to help those who need help; and I want never to forget the teachings in the Doctrine and Covenants, from start to finish. I love the revelations of God to the Prophet Joseph Smith. I love to read them and re-read them more than anything else. My heart is filled with gratitude when I realize and know that in the day in which we live a man has been inspired of God and chosen of him to organize the Church of Christ upon the earth, that I am a member in that Church, and that we have the only true Gospel upon the face of the earth, the only Gospel, as the Lord says in one of those revelations, with which he is well pleased.

When I think of all the blessings that have come to me because of the Gospel, I want never to think of the things of this world, except only as secondary.

If we inspire in the hearts of the people a desire to do their duty it will be the easiest thing in the world to take care of all those who are in distress among this people. The Fast Day donation alone, if we were absolutely honest with the Lord would take care of the poor among us. You cannot get a good meal for less than ten cents, and twenty cents a month for every man, woman and child in the Church would take care of those who need care and who are not chronic beggars. I am in favor of Bishop Hunter's way with such people, of just wearing them out. I am in favor of Brigham Young's statement, "It is against my policy to give anything to a person unless he works for it."

Why do we find great walls of cobble stones picked up from the hills? Because Brigham Young would say, "Go and dig up some rocks and build a wall;" in other words, I believe he would tell them to dig a hole and then fill it up rather than have nothing to do.

May the Lord help us to grow, and may you in this additional labor that you have taken on your hands be able to convert people to take care of themselves and be blessed in doing it. But don't forget you have something to do in addition.

The Lord bless you all, is my humble prayer, in the name of our Redeemer, Amen.

EVENING SONG

By Vilate R. McAllister

Twilight's trailing purple shadows shroud the hill;
Amber gleams the lake, reflecting glorious sky;
Drowsy murmurs flow so faintly from the rill,
While the patient pine-trees sough, and moan, and sigh.

O'er the pasture trills the tinkling of a bell;
Through the thicket comes the crooning of a bird;
Venus flings her blazing banner o'er the spell—
Sweet, ecstatic moment, broken by no word!

Sweet? Ecstatic? Better empty, void, and drear!
Lonely is the eve, and sad, for me.
The vital thing is missing: You're not here!
Without you night shall be—infinity!

The British Centennial Conference

By Ramona W. Cannon

FOR the Saints of London, the British Centennial began with the arrival of President Grant from the Continent on July 19th. As the train steamed in to Liverpool Street station at nine-thirty p. m., they were a-quiver with excitement, and there was a rush toward the President. He greeted all, was interviewed by reporters, and joined the group in singing, "We Thank Thee, O God, For A Prophet".

In Relief Society next evening, as the members worked on costumes for the pageant, each told what it had meant to her to shake the hand of the Lord's servant.

The following day, July 20, President Grant drove to Liverpool, visiting Sulgrave Manor, the home of the Washingtons. There he dedicated the newly acquired chapel, just one hundred years from the day when the Mormon Elders first landed in the city. The Tatler Newsreel took a moving picture of President Grant, President Cannon and the Millennial Chorus outside the building, and displayed it in their cinema chain.

The evening of July 21, the President dedicated the Burnley Chapel. New arrivals in London were President and Sister Clark, Sister Rose Bennett and Sister Vida Clawson's party, including Sister Ruth May Fox, with her Counselors, Sisters Lucy Grant Cannon and Clarissa Beesley.

On the 22nd, President Grant dedicated the Bradford Chapel, afterwards returning to London, where President and Sister Lyman entertained for him on July 24, at the Royal Automobile Club. Many distinguished guests from Salt Lake, also from London attended, including the American Ambassador, Mr. Robert Bingham. Reminiscences of Pioneer days and experiences were given, which were of great interest to the English visitors.

On the following day, Sunday, President Grant dedicated the Southwest London Branch, "Ravenslea", in the afternoon, and the North London Chapel in the evening. President Clark spoke at both meetings, also Presidents Cannon and Brown. The chapels were filled to capacity, and the meeting proved, in each case, a great spiritual feast.

IT was a fair day, the River Ribble flowed gently to the sea, and the restful green of field and wood made a fine setting for the Centenary of the first baptism. The sunshine was a delightful contrast to the continued rain of the past fortnight. Seven coaches rolled into Preston from Rochdale with banners on their sides and bearing some two hundred missionaries and Saints. They awakened much attention as they passed through the Lancashire towns.

The pilgrimage began at Vauxhall Chapel. The trustees kindly opened it for our visit. We imagined we saw the black-eyed Heber C. Kimball preaching from its elevated pulpit. By foot we went on to the site of the Cockpit where the early meetings and first conference were held. Thence we proceeded afoot to St. Wilfred Street, where occurred the terrific manifestation of evil spirits on the morning of the first baptism.

Continuing, the growing crowd marched to the Ribble with the Mil-

lennial Chorus at the head singing marching songs.

Assembling on the right bank, over 500 people took part in the open air service. The theme of the meeting was the glorious event that occurred in the waters at our feet a century ago. They sat on the grass in a great circle and listened to President Grant and others, and watched him unveil a bronze plaque, which will be placed in the wall of the North London Chapel.

One of the interesting features was presenting descendants of those who participated a century ago—Elders John F. Kimball and Paul C. Palmer, great great grandsons respectively of Heber C. Kimball who officiated, and Ann Elizabeth Walmsley, one of the nine who were baptized in that first ceremony, Elder Fred H. Thompson, his mother, Mrs. Lillian M. Thompson, and his sister Mrs. Elsa T. Peterson, granddaughter and great grandchildren of Orson Hyde, and Elders Albert Z. Richards, Richards G. Smith and Briant G. Smith, great grandsons of Willard Richards. The latter two are grandsons of President Grant and also of President Joseph F. Smith.

SINCE accommodations for the conference were not available in Preston, the gathering was held in Rochdale, about thirty miles distant. Two years ago the sentiment toward the Mormons there was so unfavorable that the newspapers refused to accept paid advertisements for our conference meetings. A missionary baseball team was organized and won the championship for Northern England. Through them the citizens became friendly. The sportsmanship, clean living, and proselyting of these young Elders has produced a host of friends.

Hotel accommodations are limited there, but people opened their homes to the visitors in friendly hospitality.

CHURCH AUTHORITIES, MISSIONARIES, AND SALT LAKE VISITORS AT CONFERENCE

Inside the Rochdale Chapel were arranged fine exhibits of Primary, Gleaner, Bee-Hive, and Genealogical work. One room was devoted to Relief Society handwork. On exhibition were elaborate quilts, counterpanes, luncheon cloths, pillow cases, sideboard mats, embroidered and trimmed hand-made lace, knitted and crocheted work. On the walls were illustrated posters demonstrating Relief Society Health Lessons on the prevention of accidents in the home; a roll of honor of Relief Society members for 10 consecutive years; those who were charter members of Relief Society organizations; mothers of five or more children; and women who have suffered persecution for their religion. On exhibition was a book of wholesome and inexpensive recipes sent in by members. The cover was artistically designed by one of the Saints.

On Saturday morning, after examining the exhibits and visiting with each other, the Saints met in the Chapel at 10:00 o'clock. Short but inspiring talks were given by Sisters Vida Clawson, Laura Nicholson, Clarissa Beesley, Lucy G. Cannon, Ruth May Fox, and Presidents Cannon and Lyman, and President Grant.

At 1:30 the Gleaner choruses and the M Men achieved by performing in song and speech.

During the late afternoon there was a league game of baseball, our Rochdale M Men team playing the Caledonians. President Grant pitched the first ball, and he and President Clark sat on the players' bench in the sunshine and enjoyed watching the Elders win the game.

THE Rochdale town hall is said to be one of the most beautiful in Britain. It was an appropriate place to present "The Everlasting Doors," a pageant produced by Sister Marie Waldram, Elder Richard S. Tanner and Elder Robert S. Stevens. It was an ambitious spectacle, with one hun-

ROCHDALE TOWN HALL

dred and twenty-six missionaries, Saints and friends in the cast. The poetic lines of the pageant were read beautifully by two English women and two English men. The richly colored costumes were made with much economy under the direction of Sister Agnes P. Wallace, by members of various Relief Societies. More than eight hundred people sat in the audience, while an equal number were turned away. The silence among the spectators was absolute as the Biblical and Latter Day scenes of solemn splendor unrolled before their eyes, leaving in their hearts a direct message. The disappointment among those turned away was so keen that it was decided to repeat the pageant Sunday night, following the evening service, to those who had not seen it. Again the hall was crowded and many turned away.

The Sunday meetings totaled nine full hours. The hall was full for the testimony meeting at 9:00 o'clock. This was the Saints' opportunity to express themselves, the missionaries and authorities all keeping their seats. Many remarkable testimonies were borne of the unusual ways in which the Gospel had come to people. At all the remaining sessions guards had to be placed at the door to keep the people out after the hall was filled although it held nearly a thousand.

At the eleven o'clock session, the Sunday School and Relief Society were emphasized; in the afternoon the M. I. A. cause, Saints and visitors were uplifted by the talks of the Church authorities.

In these meetings President Clark spoke of the lofty ideals and conceptions of Mormonism, and called attention to the necessity of centering one's interest and love on the Gospel, not as worshipers of men. He counselled people to live every moment of their lives so that they are doing nothing which will destroy the spiritual communication between them and God. He said he would reverse the opinion sometimes prevalent that Mormonism was a religion which only the ignorant embraced. Really people need to be intelligent to embrace it because it appeals to the heart and mind. The ritual is simple, not like that of many other churches, which appeals to eye and ear.

President Grant suggested that each man should turn into a fault-finding critic who should hunt and examine and probe diligently for faults . . . but only in himself. In planning one's life, one should seek to find out what the Lord desires and make that the important thing, he advised. He also warned the Priesthood against exercising unrighteous dominion, quoting in fine voice and without hesitation the 121st Section of the Doctrine and Covenants. Particularly he stressed the two spirits always striving within us, one telling us to continue with our labors and do our utmost, and the other trying to dissuade us from doing our duties.

At the close of his speech, clusters of roses were presented to President Grant by three Latter-day Saint young women; red roses symbolizing one for each year of his youth; pink roses, one for each year of his Apostleship; and white roses, one for each year of his Presidency.

With the public address system 1423 persons heard the testimonies of the authorities.

On Monday morning Sisters Fox, Cannon, and Beesley met with the Bee-Keepers of the Mission and gave many valuable suggestions, while President Grant addressed the missionaries. In the general meeting following, the Sisters were again heard from, Sister Rose Bennett, Sister Lucy Cannon, and Sister Clarissa Beesley, all of whom bore beau-

tiful testimonies. Three Primary children gave short talks and President Grant sang.

Music was furnished throughout the meetings by the Millennial Chorus (of missionaries), the combined choirs of the Mission under the direction of Doctor Ray M. Russell, the Gleaner Choruses, the Primary and Sunday School children, and Brother George D. Pyper. He and Brother Arthur Winter were among the speakers.

Between sessions, the large group had luncheon and tea together. A delightful program was worked out for each meal.

ON Spotland Football grounds Monday afternoon, a new phase of Mormonism's plan of living was shown. Hundreds of investigators had attended our services and learned our spiritual message; they had seen "The Everlasting Doors" and been thrilled by our pageantry, heard the M Men speeches and Gleaner Girl singing and felt our approach to art; they looked over the Treasures of Truth, Book of Remembrance and Relief Society and Primary handiwork exhibits and sensed our feeling for history and our culture. Now they were to see the physical side. The third annual field meet of the M. I. A. was being held.

As an opening to it a most beautiful ceremony took place. From a high reviewing stand on the green field, President Grant, the distinguished visitors and Mission authorities sat and watched a great formation of hundreds of Saints, missionaries and friends off in a corner of the pitch. Suddenly they began to march and sing. "Over hill over dale, ever on the upward trail" rang out. By twos they came past the stand and out in front marched up the farther leg of an elongated "M". Following its lines, singing as they went, they completed it as well as "I" and "A". The living M. I. A. then faced the stand. An Englishman stepped out with a silken Union Jack, marched to the platform and presented it to President Grant. Then a Welshman presented one to President and Sister Lyman, a Scotsman in kilts to Superintendent Pyper, a northern Irish lass to President Fox and one from southern Ireland to President and Sister Cannon. Other presentations were made by groups, and responses given. "We Thank Thee, Oh God, For A Prophet" and "Carry On" were sung.

The field meet was by districts, M Men taking part in regular events, Gleaners and Bee-Hive girls running in shorter races.

A dance at the Carlton closed the four day conference. Features were exhibitions of country dancing by the Bristol and Scottish Districts, the latter in kilts, and a grand march where in sixteens the whole formation sang "Carry On".

Then handshaking and goodbyes, and away to Ireland, Scotland, Wales and the counties of England the happy groups departed.

President Grant declared it one of the finest gatherings he had ever attended. To the Saints his presence made it perhaps the best they will ever attend.

Blessed by perfect weather, blessed by unusual enthusiasm and joyfulness, and blessed especially by an outpouring of the good Spirit the unforgettable Centennial Conference came to an end.

* * * * *

The Lotus Eater

By Mabel S. Harmer

Chapter V

WHEN Danny was two years old his father bought him a complete cowboy outfit for a birthday present. "But Dan!" protested Helen laughing, "It will be two years before he is big enough to wear that outfit and much longer than that before he can ride a horse."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Dan looking at his sturdy son with pride. "The way that boy is growing he'll be ready for the saddle 'most any day now and it's best to be prepared. One of these days we'll be riding the range together, won't we old man?"

Danny's answer was a punch to his father's broad chest with his tightly doubled little fist. Helen had declared more than once that Dan was teaching the boy too many rough tricks but he went blissfully on and would romp with Danny by the hour on the kitchen floor until Helen would gather the baby up under one arm and take him off to bed uttering loud protests.

She was amused now remembering the days before the baby's birth when she had worried because of Dan's lack of interest in the boy. His delight in the chubby, blue eyed youngster was unbounded and he spent many an evening hour building air castles for "the judge" as he still occasionally called the boy.

Helen herself wondered how she had ever lived without the delightful mischief maker about to work for or to romp with during the day and to hold in her arms with his fair head against her shoulder at night.

She still had her moments of loneliness, especially during the long cold winter when it was almost impossible to get away from the ranch with the baby. Looking for the mail from home became almost an obsession and she dreamed constantly of the time when Danny would be old enough to take on a visit to California.

She would have been fairly contented at the ranch, now that she had the baby to help fill her days, if it had not been for the utter lack of good music. She derived a great deal of pleasure from her own playing on her violin but she hungered to hear once more a real concert or an orchestra that played something better than jazz dance music.

THE winter after Danny turned two, Dan's sister Marta, who was now out of school, came to live with them so that Helen would have companionship on the days that Dan was away from home. The snow held off until after the first of December that year for which Helen was very grateful. The isolation of the ranch during the winter months and the howl of the coyotes was something she felt she would never be reconciled to.

During January Dan left with a carload of cattle for an eastern livestock market expecting to be gone a week or ten days. He had left a good supply of wood cut for

fuel and made everything as comfortable as possible for the two women and left them with instructions to "sit tight and have a nice cozy time."

Two days after he had left Danny developed a severe cold which rapidly became worse. There had been slight colds in the past which had yielded easily to the simple remedies of which Helen had a complete stock, but this time, in spite of everything she could do, the baby's temperature continued to rise and his breathing became heavy.

"I can't cope with this any longer," she said finally to Marta, "I've got to get a doctor here."

Marta glanced apprehensively out of the window where a stiff wind was drifting the snow about in great billows. "Couldn't you wait until morning? Perhaps he will be better by then or the storm will have died down. I don't see how you can possibly get through now," she said.

"I've got to get through," answered Helen grimly, as she looked down at Danny's flushed cheeks.

"Then let me go," said Marta. "You can take care of the baby so much better than I."

For a brief moment Helen was sorely tempted to let the girl go. It might be hours before she could get back and it would be torture to leave the sick baby and not know what was happening during that time but she couldn't ask Marta to attempt such an ordeal, even for Danny, and she answered, "No thanks, Marta. I can't send you. I'll make it all right."

She left minute instructions regarding the baby's care and dressed in the warmest clothing she could find. It took what seemed an eternity to her, merely to fight her way to the stable. Once inside she saddled the horse and rode him most unwillingly into the biting snow and wind.

The nearest telephone was at Jennings, two miles down the road. What a fool she had been, she thought bitterly, never to have had one put in. It was true they had scarcely any need for one since groceries could not be ordered for delivery, anyway, and their social calls were very few but they should have forseen that an emergency like the present might arise.

She drew her scarf around her head and leaned down over the horse's neck. The snow drove relentlessly into her face and her hands and feet soon became numb. The animal floundered almost helplessly about and Helen tried desperately to urge him on. "Come on, old fellow," she cried, her voice choking, "it's for Danny."

It seemed that half the snow in the valley was being piled into the roadway. Why, oh why, she thought, should anyone live in such a country where nature seemed to let the weather out of all bounds?

"If Danny gets better—" she began and then said to herself stoutly, "When Danny gets better, I'll take him home where he can play all day in the sunshine."

They fought their way almost blindly through the storm and when they finally arrived at the Jennings door both Helen and the animal were utterly spent. Helen's hands were so cold and numb that she opened the door without the formality of knocking and the family seated about the fire inside stared at her in amazement.

"My land, child," gasped Mrs.

Jennings, "whatever made you come out in such a storm?"

"It's Danny," said Helen brokenly. "He's sick and I've just got to have a doctor."

"Well, sit right down and get warm," said the older woman pushing Helen gently into a chair and beginning to remove her wraps. "Pa, you phone for her and tell the doctor to come right out and not wait for the storm to die down neither."

"Shucks, Dr. Ward don't think nuthin' of a storm," said Pa Jennings as he went to the telephone. "He's been running around in 'em for twenty years now."

Helen clung to her wraps when Mrs. Jennings offered to take them. "I can't stay," she said, "I've been two hours on the way now and Marta is alone with the baby. If you'll lend me a fresh horse I'll start right back."

"Horse nothing," declared Pa Jennings. "I'll harness up the covered sleigh and take you back."

"And I'll come too," joined in his wife. "I've nursed more cases of pneumony than you've ever heard about."

Tears came to Helen's eyes. "Oh, if you only would," she cried. "I feel so helpless and alone. But I can't take you out in this storm!"

"Humph!" replied Mrs. Jennings with a shrug of her ample shoulders, "I guess one storm more or less ain't agoin' to hurt me after all the ones I've lived through. I drove five miles through one as bad as this and helped bring a baby to Fannie Miller. Here, Sadie," to one of her daughters, "wrap up these irons from the stove and we'll take 'em along to keep our feet warm."

The two women sat in the rear of the sleigh and drew quilts around them to help keep the wind from driving the chill into their bodies. Mr. Jennings sheltered himself as best he could while driving as they fought their way on through the storm. The horses crept through the drifts at snail's pace and at times Helen felt that she would scream if she couldn't do something to help them cover the ground a little more rapidly.

Mrs. Jennings talked and tried to divert her mind from the thoughts of the sick boy but Helen only answered her absent-mindedly in between her prayers that they would be able to get back more quickly and that Danny would not be any worse. They finally p l o u g h e d their way through to her own doorway and Helen rushed into the house.

"How is he?" she gasped as soon as she was inside the door.

"About the same, I think," was Marta's answer. "He has been awfully restless. I thought that you would never get back."

"Let's have a look at this boy who has been scaring his mother to death," said Mrs. Jennings as she drew off her many wraps. She set to work with the efficiency of one who has had to be both doctor and nurse on many occasions and before long the baby was breathing much easier and his fever had subsided considerably. Now that Helen had someone else to share the responsibility she began to show the effects of the strain she had been under and Mrs. Jennings ordered her to go and rest up or she would need the doctor worse than the baby did.

It was nightfall before the doctor arrived bringing necessary medicines and reassurance to the anxious mother's heart. He tried

to joke with Helen a little before he left and said with a chuckle, "Now I want you to take better care of that boy. I don't pass out fine babies like that every day of the week."

"Don't worry," said Helen grimly, "I'm going to take care of him."

WITHIN a few weeks Danny was playing around again very much like his old lively self much to the satisfaction of his anxious parents. Helen decided that she would take him to California as soon as it was safe to travel through the mountains so that he could have plenty of sunshine in which to complete his recovery. The snow drifts lay on the pass through the highest part of the canyon until late in May and it was June before the road had dried sufficiently for them to drive a car through to Junction City.

Helen tried to persuade Dan to go with them but he insisted that he couldn't be spared from the ranch. She rather believed that he was diffident about meeting her people for the first time and didn't press the matter. He said something vague about coming and getting her if she stayed too long but Helen was quite sure that he didn't have any such intentions. She realized that summer was a busy time on the ranch and after all, the important thing was to get Danny away to a milder climate.

Helen felt more light-hearted than she had done in years as they drove through the canyon, lovely in its gay dress of early summer foliage. Going home for the first time in five years. She wondered if she had changed much and if she would look "countrified" and "out of date." Anyway, she had Danny, she thought gazing down affectionately at the boy and she defied any of her family to have produced anything more wonderful in five years' time.

Dan bade them goodbye at the station with a crooked smile and more than a suspicion of tears in his eyes. "Take good care of your mother," he said, giving Danny's cheek a playful pinch, "and bring me a present when you come back."

"I'll bwing you a puppy," promised Danny, who could think of nothing more desirable for anyone at any time than a dog.

Danny was wildly excited at the prospect of riding on a "sure nuff train" and Helen felt her own spirits rise as they journeyed toward the West. It was good to get away from the deadly routine of ranch life. To see people who had been places and were going places and to order food from a printed menu.

She had telegraphed her father to meet her at Los Angeles and her heart was beating wildly as she and Danny pushed their way through the crowds from the train. At last she saw him. Dear old Dad! With hair a little grayer and a few more wrinkles but the same cheery lovable smile that she had so missed. The next minute she was in his arms and Danny seemed quite forgotten until he piped in a solemn voice, "Here's me."

"Yes, yes, young man," laughed his grandfather as he released Helen and swung the boy up in his arms, "and what a fine young fellow he is."

They were soon out in the car and speeding toward their home in Long Beach where a tumultuous welcome awaited them. The two boys, Marvin and Ted had

grown into tall lanky youths in the time she had been away and Nina had changed from a square little girl into a lovely slender miss of eighteen. "I declare you've all grown out of bounds, even you mother," she laughed.

"Tut, tut," said her father. "At your mother's age a few extra pounds are very becoming."

"And as long as your father thinks so, I'm not bothering about going on a diet," replied Mrs. Burt decisively.

"I wasn't inferring that you should," said Helen giving her an extra hug. "In fact I think you are grand just as you are."

Danny at once became the center of attraction and Helen protested that they would spoil him until he couldn't be lived with, but her father replied complacently that it was every grandparent's privilege to spoil the first grandchild.

LATE that night after Danny had been tucked into bed Helen went out on the porch and sat down on the step with her head resting against the pillar as she used to do years ago. The rich sweet odor of growing things crept over her and she took deep breaths of the pungent night air. Although she could not see the ocean in the distance she felt its presence and a thrill of happiness swept through her as she thought of the joyous times she and Danny would have playing in the sands.

A few minutes later her mother came out and settled herself down in a rocker. Helen moved over and leaned her head against her mother's knee. As she reached down and stroked her daughter's head Helen murmured in tremulous tones, "Oh, mother, it's so good to be back."

(To be continued)

The Relief Society Magazine

THAT the daily lives of its members be enriched, through study and recreation, the Relief Society has given us the *Relief Society Magazine*. Published each month, it is a cultural asset to the Latter-day Saint home. Its trend is toward spiritual uplift. Informative and educational in character it is an aid to fuller living.

Through the years, women have been raised from comparative obscurity to a place of prominence in civic as well as home life. To meet the demands of progress, much study is required. That *much* can be gleaned from text and articles is the hope of the editorial staff through the pages of our magazine. A digest of world happenings, and articles on travel, biography and religion are here combined with poetry, literature and art.

Containing the text of each week's lessons, *The Relief Society Magazine* is of inestimable value to members and class-leaders. Careful study for each assignment will increase the joys of living, through knowledge and understanding. To study is it grow.—*Edna J. Gardiner.*

Teachers' Visit to An Indifferent Member

By Leah D. Widtsoe

HOSTESS—Mrs. MacDonald.
TEACHERS—Mrs. Christianson and Mrs. Burton.
MAID—Mrs. Lorentzen.

Scene I

(*Sister Christianson calls for Sister Burton. Knocks.*)

SISTER BURTON: Come in. Oh, Good Morning, Sister Christianson. Isn't it a beautiful day for our visits? (*Puts on hat and coat*)

SISTER CHRISTIANSON: Yes, indeed. I hope you're feeling well, Sister Burton.

SISTER BURTON: Yes, thank you. How are you?

SISTER CHRISTIANSON: Very well and eager to make our visits.

SISTER BURTON: Shall we have a word of prayer first. I think it is your turn.

SISTER CHRISTIANSON: (*nods and prays*) Our Father in Heaven. We come before thee at this time to ask that thou wilt be with us during our special work for Thy cause this day. Help us to understand our privilege and inspire us to give each sister whom we visit the help she may need in her life's problems.

Bless those whose homes we shall visit; may they desire to receive us and accept the spiritual uplift that comes only from thee to those who love and serve thee. We are on thy special work, Father. Bless our efforts for good. May we leave some ray of hope and blessing in every home we visit and may every home in our district be open to us this day. We ask this blessing in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

(*They proceed on their visits*)

SISTER CHRISTIANSON: Shall we visit Sister MacDonald today? She's always *so* busy with her social duties.

SISTER BURTON: Yes, let's try again and give her a special invitation this time to come to Relief Society.

Scene II

(*They knock at the home of Sister MacDonald*)

SISTER MACDONALD: (*who is doing some writing—aside to the maid who is busy dusting*) Oh, my goodness, here come the Relief Society teachers again. What a nuisance! I wish they wouldn't call. I just can't see them today. But, go let them in.

SISTER LORENTZEN: (*goes to the door—opens it.*)

SISTER BURTON: Good morning. We are the Relief Society teachers. Is Mrs. MacDonald in?

SISTER LORENTZEN: (*rather hesitatingly*) Ye-s-s. Will you come in?

SISTER CHRISTIANSON: Wait just a moment, please. Are you a member of the L. D. S. Church?

SISTER LORENTZEN: Yes—I am.

SISTER BURTON: Is your home in Salt Lake City?

SISTER LORENTZEN: No, I came from Nephi.

SISTER BURTON: Do you attend Sunday School or Mutual in the Ward?

SISTER LORENTZEN: I did attend Mutual once but felt so strange I haven't been again.

SISTER CHRISTIANSON: Do you know that the Lion House has a special M. I. A. Meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30? They are most interesting. Try to go sometime.

SISTER LORENTZEN: Thank you, I will.

SISTER BURTON: And do come to our Ward again sometime. We will be most happy to make you acquainted with some of the young people.

SISTER LORENTZEN: Thank you so much, I'll try.

Scene III

SISTER MACDONALD: Oh, good morning, sisters.

SISTER BURTON: How are you today, Sister MacDonald?

SISTER MACDONALD: Oh, just terribly busy I haven't a moment to spare.

SISTER BURTON: Well, we are not going to stay long. We have just called to inquire after your welfare and to leave a message.

SISTER MACDONALD: Well, that's kind of you, but really I am very busy. I have an appointment that I should keep in half an hour.

SISTER BURTON: We won't detain you long, but may we take a moment to tell you about our Relief Society meetings this year? They are so interesting. Our lessons are most helpful—they seem to be just what we all need.

SISTER MACDONALD: Well, maybe for you, but I just don't have time for Relief Society. I'm a member of a Literary Club and a Music Club and I just haven't *time* for *anything* else. But—won't you sit down?

SISTER CHRISTIANSON: You know Sister MacDonald, Relief Society does something for me that I never get from any club and I have been a club worker, too, all my life.

SISTER MACDONALD: (*becoming rather interested*) That *is* interesting. Just what do you mean? Will you explain it to me?

SISTER CHRISTIANSON: Well, you know life may be said to move on four planes, the physcial, the mental, the moral, and the spiritual. Most people live on the physical plane, spending all their time in looking after the needs of their families. That is most necessary, of course, but the physical alone is not enough; to keep abreast of the times we *must* develop our mentalities.

SISTER MACDONALD: I have always tried to develop myself mentally but I thought the Relief Society was merely a religious organization.

SISTER CHRISTIANSON: This intellectual stimulus we receive from our wonderful lessons in the Relief Society. A splendid moral development we obtain from our Charity work and above all, a unique spiritual uplift in our study of the truths of the Gospel of Christ. Why, the very fact that our meetings are opened and closed with prayer and the singing of a heartfelt hymn makes me feel a nearness to a Higher Power that I never obtain from any other study group or social group. To me, it's a real inspiration that lasts throughout the week.

SISTER MACDONALD: Well, I'd never thought of it just like that.

SISTER BURTON: Our special message this month, Sister MacDonald, concerns the lesson of the Good Neighbor as taught by our Savior in the parable of the Good Samaritan. Even President Roosevelt is talking a great deal these days about the nations being good Neighbors. And goodness knows we need that ideal developed right at this time in the midst of turmoil and war.

SISTER CHRISTIANSON: Yes, and isn't it really interesting that the Prophet Joseph was inspired to found our Society that the entire sisterhood of the church might have an opportunity to serve and be good neighbors to all.

SISTER MACDONALD: Oh, well, I haven't time to bother about my

neighbors. I don't even know who they are.

SISTER CHRISTIANSON: The parable teaches us that anyone in need is in reality our neighbor. And the blessing it gives us to help others in time of need is truly Christ-like.

SISTER MACDONALD: There are not many poor in our district are there? How can I help?

SISTER BURTON: Sometimes people are more in need of comfort or a word of encouragement than they are of bread. The man in the parable had bodily wounds but wounds of the spirit are often more serious and harder to heal. We may never know how much a friendly hand shake or a cheerful greeting may help those who are wounded in spirit. Besides, there are many wards that have more poor than they can take care of and it is our privilege to help them.

SISTER MACDONALD: I think that is true.

SISTER CHRISTIANSON: I'm sure we all need to be more helpful and generous in our feelings to others and the Relief Society gives us the opportunity to do just that. Do try and find time to come to meeting next Tuesday, Sister MacDonald.

SISTER MACDONALD: You make it all sound very interesting, but I haven't been to Relief Society for so long—I—I—

SISTER CHRISTIANSON: Sister MacDonald, I don't live very far away. Let me call for you next Tuesday, I'd love to do it.

SISTER MACDONALD: That is very kind of you Sister Christianson, I'll try to make it. I really would like to do my duty in the church and set the proper example to my children. I am very desirous that my son should fill a good mission.

SISTER BURTON: Thank you, Sister MacDonald; you'll never regret this decision. And some day I'm sure your son will be proud to say as President Grant does today, "My Mother was always a faithful Relief Society worker and I honor her for it." We must not keep you longer but would like to leave with you our teacher's topic for this month.

SISTER MACDONALD: Thank you, you've given me something to think of, sisters, that I feel will do me much good. I will think seriously of what you have said and will try and make time in my program for Relief Society. Let me give you a donation.

SISTER BURTON: Thank you, we appreciate that, but, remember we need your presence and your active support, as well. In that way we can be a blessing to each other. Goodbye, Sister MacDonald.

SISTER MACDONALD: Goodbye Sisters and I'll try to be ready next week, Sister Christianson.

SISTERS: Goodbye.

The Visiting Teacher

By Joan Young Hale

SISTER JOHNSON: (*looking very sad*) Ever since my husband's death, it doesn't seem there is a thing worth while for me to do. I just can't get reconciled to the fact that he has gone, and it seems there is nothing to live for.

(*Mrs. Thorpe comes to call and makes conditions worse with her sympathy.*)

MRS. THORPE: You poor dear, I know just how you feel, and I don't blame you one bit for feeling as you do. If I had lost a loved one I don't believe I could carry on either. But I have been told that your church teaches something about hope for the dead.

SISTER JOHNSON: Yes it does, but at a time like this it doesn't help much, for my life is empty. I am all alone.

(*A knock is heard at the door.*)

MRS. THORPE: Now you sit still dear, I will see who it is. You don't want company do you?

(*As the door opens, Sister Johnson stands up and walks toward the door.*)

SISTER JOHNSON: Oh, it's the Relief Society teachers. Won't you come in? Sister Evans and Sister Hale, I want you to know my dear friend Mrs. Thorpe.

(*All sit.*)

MRS. THORPE: I am just a neighbor who came to sympathize with Mrs. Johnson in her dreadful sorrow.

SISTER EVANS: We sympathize with Sister Johnson too and have come to bring her a little cheer and something new to think about. We also bring a message. (*Reads the card*) Christ said, to gain eternal life, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thy self." Our lesson for this month is about the Good Samaritan. By helping your neighbors you can benefit and help yourself. (*hands card to Sister Johnson.*)

SISTER JOHNSON: (*hurriedly reads card.*) This card says, "Who is my neighbor?"

SISTER HALE: Anyone to whom you can give a helping hand, regardless of color or creed, is your neighbor, Sister Johnson. Surely you can't hope to better yourself, sitting all alone, and by shutting out all the beauty and sweetness that's around you. Especially this time of the year, when everything is taking on new life. We just called on Sister Jones who lives on this block. She told us how her children's play annoys you. She is very sorry, but her children must be kept happy. You would not want to stop their laughter and fun.

SISTER JOHNSON: No, indeed.

SISTER HALE: You remember the saying, "Smile and the world smiles with you. Weep and you weep alone."

SISTER EVANS: Now that's an idea. (*looking at Sister Hale*) When you feel lonely, wouldn't you like to go over and help Sister Jones, who is overworked with her patching and darning? I know you would be well paid when you see how much it would help her. It's several months since your husband left, and you have done nothing to help yourself.

SISTER JOHNSON: What can I do?

SISTER HALE: Sister Johnson, I met a dear old gentleman the other day who passed on a wonderful plan to those who are left alone, with nothing to do. He and his wife had been married fifty-five years, and for the last fifteen years they had been Temple workers. They were an ideal couple and had a large family who are a credit to them. The dear wife passed away after a short illness and for a time his grief was almost more than he could bear. A friend started to sympathize with him, but he said, "Of course I miss her but she wouldn't want me to mourn. I will be here for such a short time. I must be kept busy. There are so many looking to me to do their work that I haven't time to waste feeling sorry for myself.

SISTER EVANS: Isn't that a wonderful way to feel? Have you ever thought of doing work for the dead?

SISTER HALE: Or the living either? Why not try forgetting yourself.

SISTER JOHNSON: (*Glancing at the card and smiling*) I am going to help Sister Jones. Tell me more how I can help my neighbor?

MRS. THORPE: Why Mrs. Johnson, it is a long time since I saw you smile.

SISTER HALE: One sure way is to attend your Relief Society meetings. Associate with the kind of women who go there. We have wonderful teachers in each line and you couldn't go there without feeling the wonderful spirit and returning smile for smile. The first Tuesday is Theology, the second, Work and Business or Handicraft, the third, Literature, and the fourth, Social Service.

MRS. THORPE: I am very interested in literature.

SISTER HALE: Would you like to attend our Relief Society with Sister Johnson?

MRS. THORPE: I would love to, but I thought it was for only members of your church.

SISTER HALE: Anybody is welcome.

SISTER EVANS: We need visiting teachers too, people who are willing to work can always find a place that just suits them. So you see you can be a good Samaritan in more ways than one. I will leave this magazine. You can read the lesson. (*teachers arise*)

SISTER JOHNSON: Wait until I get my old cracked tea cup.

MRS. THORPE: I thought you ladies never drank tea. (*All laugh*)

SISTER JOHNSON: We don't, but I keep my nickles and dimes in it for my Relief Society donation. (*Hands to Sister Evans, who records it in book.*)

SISTER HALE: (*shakes hands*) I believe we have found some one who will be a good Samaritan to her neighbor. Goodbye, and God bless you both.

(*Sister Johnson goes to door with teachers.*)

MRS. THORPE: This magazine is open to a poem.

SISTER JOHNSON: Oh read it to me.

"They planted a seed in my heart that day
And it grew from that tiny thing,
Till it filled my heart with a new desire,
Gave my soul a truer ring.

"My only thought was of work undone
Timely tasks so hard to do.
When the mind is tired, 'tis a tragic thing,
It seems one never gets through.

"But they came to my door with a smile for me,
A hand clasp of love and cheer,
And I rested a bit as we talked that day,
Till my mind began to clear.

"They brought me a message that lifted me up,
Gave me courage to face that day,

Gave me hope and strength to go on again,
But in a different way.

"Did they know they had given all that to me?
Can they know the good they do,
The souls they lift, the hearts they cheer,
The seeds they planted that grew?

"May they have God's blessings with them always
As each day they do their part,
May He ever be near them with those gifts,
They gave to the other heart."

Her Husband's Religion

By Luacine Clark Fox

(The scene is laid in the living-room of Mrs. Gilbert. There are signs of disorder about, and several suit-cases (one of which is open disclosing its contents of clothes, etc.) which tell us that Mrs. Gilbert is unpacking. On the left side of the stage are two chairs; at the right side of the table is another chair. Mrs. Gilbert pauses in her unpacking and crosses to the phone.)

MRS. GILBERT: Wasatch 9403. Yes, please. (*Aside*) Now, let's see. I'll have to have my hair waved, and order my groceries. I suppose I'll need tomatoes, and lettuce. Perhaps some crackers. . . (*into the telephone again*) Hello? Oh, hello, Edith. This is Susan. Susan Gilbert . . . . Oh, we got in yesterday. . . . Isn't it the truth? I'm so busy I don't know what to do . . . . I've had nothing but callers all morning, and the telephone has simply rung its head off . . . Tom? Oh, he's fine. (*By this time the teachers, Sister Blair and Sister Stewart have reached the door, and knock just after she says "He's fine."*) Wait just a minute, Edith. There's someone at the door. Just a minute. (*She crosses to the door and opens it. For this door the backstage center entrance is preferable.*)

MRS. GILBERT: Yes?

SISTER BLAIR: Is this Mrs. Gilbert?

MRS. GILBERT: Yes, I am she.

SISTER BLAIR: We are the Relief Society teachers, Mrs. Gilbert. This is Sister Stewart, and I am Sister Blair. If you aren't busy, we'd like to come in a moment and talk with you. We have a message for you, too.

MRS. GILBERT: Well, I'm not at all interested. My husband is a Mormon, but I. . , well, I used to be an Episcopalian, but I'm not much of anything, now.

SISTER STEWART: Then, perhaps you have a message for us as well.

MRS. GILBERT: Well, really, I'm not awfully interested.

SISTER BLAIR: I see you're just unpacking. Couldn't we help you? We'd love to, though we don't wish to annoy.

MRS. GILBERT: Well, come in, then. (*Reluctantly*) You'll have to sit where you can. If you'll excuse me, I was on the telephone.

SISTER BLAIR: Thank you. (*Sister Blair sits in the chair at the extreme left, and Sister Stewart occupies the one Left Center.*)

MRS. GILBERT: (*At phone again*) Edith, I've some callers. (*Laughs*) The Relief Society t e a c h e r s! (*Laughs again*) Yes, I know. I've told them that, but they're going to try to convert me anyway . . . Yes, I'll call you back. Goodbye. (*hangs up receiver.*)

SISTER BLAIR: Isn't there something we can do? We'd love to help you.

MRS. GILBERT: No, thank you. I'll just stop. The rest will do me good anyway. (*She sits in the chair by the table.*) Now, what is this message?

SISTER STEWART: Did you say that you don't belong to any religion?

MRS. GILBERT: Yes, I believe I said that.

SISTER STEWART: That's a very interesting statement. You do have, I suppose, some philosophy by which you govern your home, teach your children, and so on?

MRS. GILBERT: Oh, I think everyone does. Yes, I have one. Kindness to my fellow-men. I feel that as long as I live the best I know how, and don't hurt anyone, I've done my part. Oh, (*gives a little laugh*), I don't always live up to it, but I guess you'd call that my religion—Kindness.

SISTER BLAIR: Do you know that so many people we meet have that same philosophy? It's a very beautiful one.

MRS. GILBERT: Mrs. . . Blair, is it?

SISTER BLAIR: Yes.

MRS. GILBERT: What you have just said interests me greatly. I had always understood that you Mormons felt your religion to be the only thing that was right. I have never heard such a statement before from any sect.

SISTER BLAIR: Well, we do think that our Church is right, Mrs. Gilbert, but we also know that there is truth in every religion. All that is beautiful and good comes from the Lord. All truth comes from Him. In fact, in your philosophy you have partially uttered His great Formula for Eternal Life.

MRS. GILBERT: Have I? What is that? I'm afraid I'm not up on my scriptures. It's so easy to neglect such things.

SISTER STEWART: Let me read it to you. (*Takes out Relief Society Magazine.*) It's in Luke, tenth chapter, twenty-fifth to twenty-eighth verses, if you care to follow.

MRS. GILBERT: No, you go ahead.

SISTER STEWART: (*Reading*)

"And behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

"And He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

"And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind: and thy neighbor as thyself."

SISTER BLAIR: You see, love thy neighbor as thyself sums up your philosophy, doesn't it?

MRS. GILBERT: Yes . . . .

SISTER BLAIR: Well, we believe there is more. The Lord says, "If you love me you will keep my commandments," and there you have our, well, we'll call it philosophy.

MRS. GILBERT: You know I . . . well, I don't know why I'm telling you all this, but I was raised in a very strict Episcopalian family. Their do's and don'ts seemed very foolish to me. I was a healthy, ambitious youngster, and I wanted to have fun. I missed the Sunday frolics that my chums had. Even when I met my husband, much as I loved him, I wasn't interested in his religious views, I was prejudiced, I guess.

SISTER BLAIR: Well, that's a very normal reaction, Mrs. Gilbert. But, tell me, have you never felt the need of something greater? Have you never sensed a higher Power?

MRS. GILBERT: I don't know why I'm letting you talk to me like this. You're stirring up in me something I thought was dead. You're so *kind* to me, and that's *my* philosophy. But

you seem to have something more. Kindness is only a by-product, so to speak.

SISTER STEWART: We do have something more. We have the absolute conviction that God lives now, today. And furthermore, that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints contains the fulness of His Gospel, and that it is the only Church. That's what we have.

MRS. GILBERT: I wish I could say that. Truthfully, I do.

SISTER BLAIR: You can, Mrs. Gilbert. Let me give you the reference that Joseph Smith read in the Bible. James, first chapter and fifth verse.

MRS. GILBERT: James, first chapter and fifth verse.

SISTER BLAIR: (*Nods.*) Yes. It led him to go into the grove and kneel down and pray. He asked the Lord which church was the true one. The Lord answered his prayer, and He will answer yours.

MRS. GILBERT: (*Wipes tears from her eyes*) Forgive me. I don't know what's the matter with me. You're so kind to me. You know, I've always made fun of the Mormons. And then you come and are so nice to me. It's rather like the story they used to tell us in Sunday School, you know, the Good Samaritan. You've been that to me.

SISTER STEWART: And that is our message. That is our topic for this month. (*Gives her card.*) The Good Samaritan.

MRS. GILBERT: Wait just a moment. (*Goes for purse, takes bill from it.*) I'd like to give you just a little something for your organization. Here. (*Gives bill to Sister Stewart.*)

SISTER STEWART: Thank you. We can use this in our charity fund.

SISTER BLAIR: Come to our meeting next Tuesday, Mrs. Gilbert. We'd love to have you. Next Tuesday is our work and business day. You'll find the other meetings listed on the card we gave you. And the first Tuesday in every month is always our Theology lesson. We would be glad to stop by for you.

MRS. GILBERT: I'll try. I just wish my husband could experience what I have this day.

SISTER STEWART: You can pass the message on.

MRS. GILBERT: I'm sorry I was rude at first. I didn't live up to my philosophy of kindness, did I?

SISTER STEWART: You weren't rude. We just didn't understand each other, that's all. Goodbye. (*Shakes hand*).

MRS. GILBERT: Goodbye (*shakes hands with Sister Blair.*) Come again, won't you?

SISTER BLAIR: (*At door*) We will. (*They exit*)

MRS. GILBERT: (*Goes to the door and looks out after them. She glances over at the table where the Bible is, then looks out after them again. She seems undecided, but slowly walks to the table, repeating* "James, first chapter, fifth verse." *She picks up the Bible, hesitates a moment longer, then slowly opens it and looks through till she finds the quotation. She is very much moved, and reads aloud from it in a low voice the following words, as the curtain slowly drops*) "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

OCTOBER—The tired soul sweet solace finds in depth of autumn woods and silent canyon lanes.

MAUD ADAMS shows a fine quality of heart in using her talents for others' benefit by accepting a professorship in dramatic art at Stephen's College, Columbia, Mo.

MADAM CHIANG KAI-SHEK of China in a stirring appeal to the Chinese women said, "Today we face the greatest crisis in our nation's history. Sometimes it is necessary to make a supreme sacrifice for the sake of national honor. Let the women of China be not afraid." Loh Tsi, leader of the Chinese Youth Movement answered the challenge and marched through North China villages at the head of a line of students warning the peasants of the pending disaster. She is called China's "Joan of Arc."

MRS. DIXIE GRAVES' appointment by her husband, Governor Graves of Alabama, to fill the vacancy in the U. S. Senate, gives two senatorships to women.

EDITH WHARTON, American novelist, whose last novel, *The Age of Innocence,* was a Pulitzer prize winner, died last summer at her beautiful home in France. She remembered in her will, besides many friends, her maids, butlers, chauffeurs, and all who served her.

ELISE B. ALDER and Ethel R. Smith, two gifted and beloved members of the General Board of Relief Society, died this late summer.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, in her recent book *Conversation At Midnight,* has greatly disappointed many admirers, who have been charmed by her choice selection and arrangement of words in her lovely poems like *The Wood Road, The Harp Weaver, Sonnets,* and others.

HORTENSE McQUARRIE ODLUM of New York, has proffered to the Daughters of Pioneers of St. George, Utah (her native town) sufficient means for a memorial building to house relics and historical data.

JUDGE ANNA CROSS of New York, says "Crime is a woman's business and women should work for social service bureaus attached to magistrates courts." Judge Reva Beck Bosone, of Salt Lake City court, implied the same thought recently in a talk on "Human Relations" before a body of women legislators.

HELEN JACOBS and Alice Marble were the victors at the Forest Hills, New York tennis tournament this summer. This is the sixth successful defense of the Wightman cup by the American players.

GENEVIEVE SAVAGE ended her brilliant career as an aviatrix this summer hurtling against a mountain near Presidio, Texas. Nothing daunted by this and Amelia Earhart's tragic end, Jacqueline Cochran was an entrant in the Bendix trophy race from Los Angeles to Cleveland.

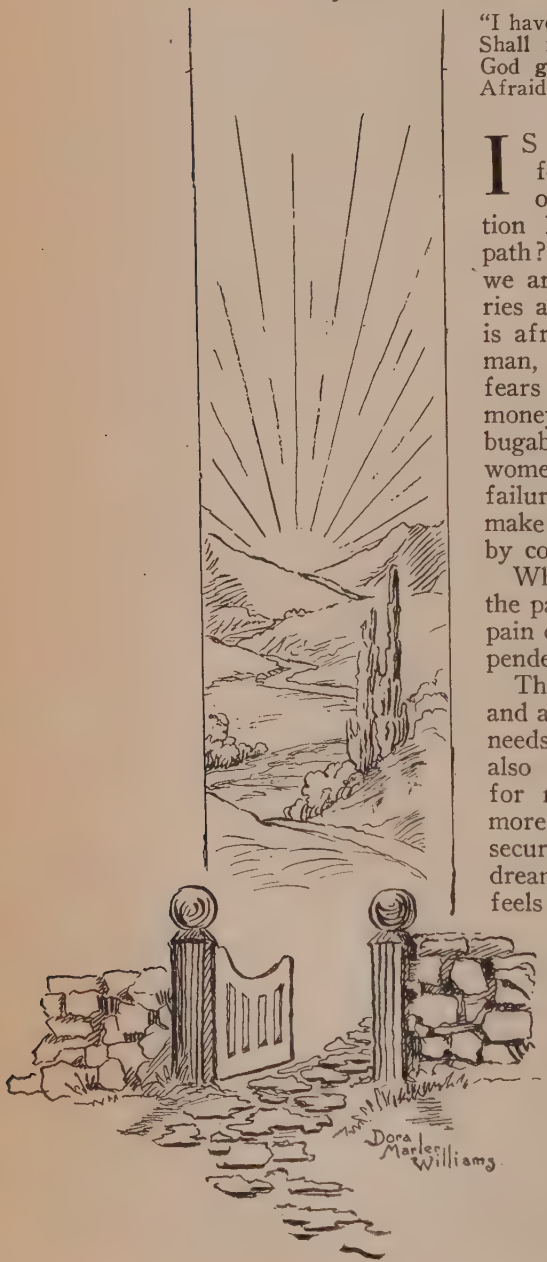
Little Moments of Eternity

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

FEAR

Take Time For Reassurance

By Lella Marler Hoggan



"I have no fear! What is in store for me
Shall find me self-reliant, undismayed.
God grant my only cowardice may be
Afraid—to be afraid!"*

—Everard Jack Appleton.

IS the fear fiend shadowing your footsteps? Does some dread omen, some ghostly premonition lurk at every turn of your path? From childhood to old age we are menaced by irritating worries and haunting fears. The child is afraid of the dark, of the bogie man, of the big stick. Later on he fears examinations, ridicule, lack of money. In middle life no greater bugaboo looms ahead of men and women than the apprehension of failure. And when age begins to make his demands one is assailed by countless misgivings.

What fear is affronting you on the pathway of life? Is it sickness, pain or poverty, or is it old age, dependence, death?

The psychologists name security and achievement as the two greatest needs of childhood. Are not these also essential factors of happiness for maturity? What condition is more hopeless to the adult than insecurity and failure to achieve the dreams of youth? A person who feels the foundation of his world tottering under his feet has no appreciation of the blessings with which he is surrounded. And many times the sense of instability is due almost entirely to exaggerated fears rather than to actual alarming conditions.

FEAR is easier to induce than to cure. It is not only unreasonable but cruel

to use it as a punishment in childhood. One should seek to allay rather than to cultivate an emotion that brings only distress and discouragement. Small children sometimes suffer greatly because of groundless fears. It is unwise to ridicule or treat the situation lightly. Prudent parents manifest a sincere interest and sympathetic understanding of such conditions, and attempt to help the child to meet such experiences bravely and rise above them.

Both young and old shrink from the unknown. Vague shapes half veiled in the shadows assume dangerous proportions when viewed with frightened eyes. Under the illusion of fear one views life from a false distorted angle.

Fear affects the heart, the blood vessels and the nerves. It is injurious to physical and mental health. It blights human happiness and efficiency. It destroys peace of mind and shortens life.

Both children and adults suffer untold misery through the years because of the fears that are forever menacing aspiration and accomplishment. The progress of the world is not promoted by persons who are afraid.

When brought into the revealing light of truth and reason, fear shrinks into insignificance. Faith is the perfect antidote for fear. Courage and achievement are synonymous terms.

Reassure the child against fear of the dark. Remind him that the blind are always in the dark and that God's love reaches out to his children in the night time as easily as in the day, to guard them from harm. Very early in his experience help him to find the comfort and security that comes from the Master's gentle watch care and enfolding love.

Help youth to meet life courageously, to face difficulties with calmness, trusting in Divinity for guidance and strength. Also, let us take time to reassure ourselves. Why should we carry a burden of fear all through life? Have we not faith enough to outwit such a weakling?

Never worry in the dark. Remember, worry is a blood relative of fear and will get us into all sorts of trouble. Sleep knits up the raveled nerves. A warm bath, clean perfumed linen, a reverent attitude and the repetition of choice bits of poetry will induce sound wholesome slumber. A change of raiment changes the thought, and following a hobby will route even the most persistent goblin. Cultivate a sense of humor, funny books and fear are not on speaking terms.

If you feel that you are cornered by the pawns of life, don't give up. Be still. Relax. Seek divine inspiration. Then calmly think it over and plan the best way out. It is said that the Twenty-third Psalm was Woodrow Wilson's daily text during the World War. It might possibly prove helpful to others in bringing their own frail craft to a safe anchorage.

If a desperate decision is pending, wait until morning. One never can tell what the day will bring forth. Blessings beyond our best dreams may be winging their way to our very door.

Sometimes when a great disaster or sorrow enters the home, we permit ourselves to say goodbye to life. Should we not have more confidence in our Maker than such an attitude manifests? Should we not give him an opportunity to finish the game we have begun together? Why close the book of life right in the middle of the story? We have no idea of all of the lovely adventures and beautiful pictures that the following

chapters will disclose. Should we not give ourselves a chance to finish what we have begun?

"What are a few years more or less if one plays the game?" asks Mary Shipman Andrews.**

THERE are often pauses in the music of life, but the melody will go on again, if we will but listen with faith to catch the lovely strains.

"There will always be stars
Through the window bars—
If we look to see them shine."
—*Mabel W. Clapp.****

As we approach the end of the trail of life why lose the vision of the beautiful? Why should we fear? Life is made up of beginnings and endings. No path that leads heavenward is eternally closed against us so long as we desire higher, better things. One door closes only to open another. According to Nancy Byrd Turner:****

"Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall.
On gentle hinges it gives at dusk,
When the thrushes call.

"There is nothing to trouble any heart,
Nothing to hurt at all.
Death is only a quiet door
In an old wall."

And when that door closes behind us, the portals of heaven will open before us to admit us into life more radiant and glorious, and our souls shall go bravely singing on into new high adventures and more masterful achievements.

The underlying thought of the Master's message is to bring comfort and cheer to the hearts of men. "Peace be unto you," "Be of good cheer," "Be not afraid," are some of the texts of his beautiful Gospel. His assurance has carried the children of men through famine and battle and sorrow and death. Those who accept his message find security, serenity, and courage to meet every emergency of life. For his promises are unto all men, even to the end of time.

"Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."—*Joshua* 1:9.

**A Little Book of Brave Thoughts,* Edited by Edwin Osgood Grover, Published by The Wise Book Co., New York.

***The Three Things,* by Mary R. Shipman Andrews, Publishers, Little, Brown and Co., Boston, Mass.

***The same as*

****Death Is A Door,* by Nancy Byrd Turner, in the February issue, 1931, of Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York.

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TO MY MOTHER

By Christie Lund Coles

I am a Mother now
And oh, somehow,
In looking back
I understand my youthful lack,
The things I meant to do
Mother, for you.

That long, tortuous night
Gave me the right
To Motherhood.
I understood
In some degree
All you had borne for me.

And now, each night and day,
I pray
I may fulfill my destiny
As worthily
As you upon this sphere,
My Mother, dear.

God in Nature

By Ray J. Davis

"Dear heart, perhaps you can not find
God's hand
Or see His face through some hour of
despair.
Do not be grieved; go seek the good,
clean land,
And you will find Him there.

"Wander awhile down some still wooded
way;
Stoop to the lichen, dig through the
mossy sod.
Stir in the leafmold—and the feathery
spray
Of a fern can show you God."

TO worship God is at times the most natural thing a man can do, for the urge of the spirit whispers to the Divinity within, that man must pay homage to the God in all nature. The greatest truths are often those that are felt, not those obtained by rationalism. Men trained in the fields of science often allow this latter type of facts to exclude the former from their minds, but tonight I wish to use both fields in my discussion. To me, Nature seems to say that the world is not a materialistic mechanism made by blind chance, but a spiritual plan well conceived and beautifully executed by a Master-mind who has made his work so perfect that only those who study carefully all sides are able to see the hand of the Maker in the design. It shall be my purpose to reveal to you an intelligent design in Nature, and if I am successful, will you be willing to grant that there must be an intelligent Designer behind it?

Suppose we liken Nature to a piece of tapestry. For our purpose we shall choose one with five figures on it: a forest-clad mountain at one side with spire-like peaks; a lake nestled at its base near the center of the picture; a meadow with a sparkling river winding through it at the other side; a clump of snow-white lilies at the edge of the lake in the foreground; and fifth and finally a beautiful girl in the full bloom of youth standing at one side entranced by the scene. Remember this piece of tapestry must be made of strong cords for the warp, while the harmony of the design and color must be made by deftly weaving into it threads of various hues. Can you conceive of 'chance' alone making such a picture? Now in Nature we may liken her unchanging laws to the warp in a similar piece of tapestry, while the weft, forming the harmony of color in the design, we will liken to the work of the Master-artist as his intelligence plays upon the forces of Nature forming patterns before which mortals stand in reverence.

We shall start this tapestry study by viewing the physical attributes of man himself. I, personally, am five feet nine inches tall, weigh about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and possess a certain quality that we call intelligence. If I could stretch my five feet nine inches of height to millions of times and this figure multiplied by billions, I would faintly approach the diameter of some of the large bodies of the Universe. A similar statement would be true of my weight. Now in the other direction. If I should divide my five feet nine inches of height by millions multiplied by billions we should faintly approach the minuteness of some of the smaller things of Nature. It is true that man stands approximately on the median line between the largest and the smallest

things known, but it also seems equally true that his intelligence is greater than all this, because it is able to conceive it all.

ON a clear night when the sky is a blaze of brilliant diamonds against a deep blue curtain, the magnitude and grandeur of the Universe may well overawe us." Our own earth on which we live is indeed a minor speck in the immensity of organized matter. This small planet is accompanied by eight others which, with their moons, travel about the sun. The laws governing their rotations and revolutions are known to man, and can be measured with the greatest of accuracy. Our sun in turn, pulling its planets with it, revolves about another big sun, and this big sun in its turn revolves about another large attractive center. All of the stars visible to the naked eye are hardly a millionth part of the stars that make up the system to which our sun belongs. All of these bodies revolve about their respective centers with an accuracy that startles the mind of man. The diameter of such an organization would be the distance that light, traveling at the speed of 186,000 miles per second, would cover in some thirty millions of years. Far out beyond our own "Milky-way" system lies thousands of other such units each being controlled by, and helping to control still others.

Surely one is impressed with the magnitude and accuracy of this great design when only partially understood.

NOW let us return in thought to man. He is made up of numerous organs, each of these of different types of tissues, and these in turn are composed of small living units called cells. These cells also are composed of many smaller units which function together to make life possible within the cell. These facts, however, are but a start in our mental trip to the smallest things known. The units within the cell are composed of numerous particles that we call molecules, each of which is made up of few or many atoms. The atom, in turn, is made up of a nucleus of positive and negative electrons, around which at comparatively enormous distances revolve few or many particles of electricity at tremendous speeds. In all of this intricate mechanism we see a similar plan. The same intelligent design is found in an atom, a molecule, a cell, a man, or the Universe as a whole. Would 'chance' likely build all of these on the same pattern? This fact we shall call our first figure on our piece of tapestry.

WHEN one studies the development of any animal, beginning with the fertilized egg and watching it through adult life, one is impressed with the accuracy shown. One fertilized starfish egg ordinarily produces one adult starfish, but if two such eggs are kept in contact they will fuse together, and each will produce one-half of a normal amimal. Or a person can take a developing embryo of this same animal, and by shaking the loosely united cells apart, cause each separate cell to develop into a normal starfish, so that there are four or eight instead of one. They have also taken these embryos and forced them through fine meshed screens, stirred the cells about, then by placing them in contact, a normal animal is still formed. The cells that began to form the arms may now be forming the disc and vice versa, but the important thing is that a normal body is formed. If an egg be placed between two panes of glass, the embryo will be as flat as paper, but if the glass be removed

soon enough, the animal will still develop normally. What is it that always causes these cells to form a body of the same design?

YES, you may be thinking, but this is a low form of life. How about the higher forms? Well, let us discuss man. One fertilized egg normally produces one person, but occasionally an embryo gets shaken apart into two or three groups of cells. Each group will now develop into a normal person, or a pair of identical twins, or occasionally triplets are born. Five children from one egg, the Dionne quintuplets, were probably formed in this way. During the development of the body an arm bud must be formed at just the right stage. The arm grows with the skin, muscles, nerves, blood vessels and bones always in the right place. At just the right time an elbow must form, then a wrist, then the fingers and their joints. One sees very few abnormal arms compared to the number of normal ones. So, when you think of the whole body, with the brain, which is much more intricate, may I ask you what made the cells form this particular design so many times with such few mistakes? This power of living cells we shall call our second figure on our tapestry.

NOW let us turn to the mind of man. It develops and grows with use. Non-living things wear out when used, but here is something which, if placed in a good body and used properly, it continues to improve until death. Even the living body may in time wear out, but not the mind if it is used prudently. This mind grows, conceives of love, beauty and spirituality, and reaches upward to the higher things of life as a flower reaches for the sun. True, the animal part of man pulls him back, but behind the scenes of everyone's life is found this desire for the best. Aren't you willing to admit that there may be something more powerful than man's own intelligence when his intelligence is attracted toward this higher force? This, I shall call my third figure on our tapestry.

FOLLOWING another line of reasoning, one is amazed at the accuracy of the happenings of Nature. Of the countless numbers of snow flakes that fall, we have never found two exactly alike, and yet the same general pattern, a center with six rays running out from it, is found in every one. A man in New England spent the major part of his life photographing snow flakes, and of the thousands of pictures taken, no two were identical in detail, but the same pattern was present in all.

Another example of the accuracy of Nature's laws may be given. Recently several groups of scientists went to the southern hemisphere to study a total eclipse of the sun. For years they planned this venture. Some went to the mainland of South America, some to the islands of the sea, and some used ships placed at the most favorable location. The amazing thing was that each group knew to the second when the eclipse would begin at their point. Think of the speed of the sun flying through space, think of the earth revolving about the sun at its high velocity, then the moon, too, traveling about the earth. Now years in advance man told the exact spot on the earth and the exact time that the moon would pass directly between the sun and the earth and cast its shadow on a small part of our planet.

Do these examples impress you with the superhuman exactness in Nature's functioning? This infinite

accuracy will be our fourth figure on our piece of art.

OUR study of law has been from the simple to the complex. From times before history, man knew of lightning, but it was a long time before he discovered electricity, and it was Benjamin Franklin that demonstrated that the two were the same. We learned how to make electricity, use it for light, then in a motor, and finally for radio. It has been only the last few years that we really knew what electricity was, and we are now in the process of learning that all matter is nothing but electricity. We know of what the X-Rays, made by electricity, are composed, but what is the significance of the new Cosmic Rays just discovered? They are the most powerful thing known, shooting clear through fourteen feet of lead and still manifest on the other side.

Are we yet likely to find a more powerful force? No one in his right mind would dare say "no" after studying the past, and if science uses this history as a basis, it could with good reason answer, "in all probability we will."

My contention is that a Divine Power, more important than all else, is at work in the Universe. My reasons for saying this are: first, the fundamental design on which the Universe and all in it are built speaks of an Intelligent Creator. Second, living cells possess a power that is at present superhuman when they form tissues and bodies. Third, the exactness of Nature could hardly be brought about by 'chance'. Fourth, the intelligence possessed by Man himself indicates that such a force is present in the Universe. Fifth, and finally, man instinctively feels at times that God is present.

Reason often plays little part in this conviction of God's existence. Reason is cold and indifferent and often stifles such emotions. But leave the highways of life and the bustle of men, leave your dislikes and your worries behind, leave all that connects you to your present life, and go into the silence and solitude of the forest or mountain and stand alone with Nature and the Great Spirit. "Then will come to you mystic and mighty visitors, magic artists to paint upon the canvas of your mind ultimate truths. Then will you behold a vision of the thoughts and deeds by which men come closer to the everlasting altars." Then will be whispered into your heart, softly as the falling of snow at eventide, peace and an assurance of Divinity.

TO illustrate this last point in closing, a few years ago, in company with six other men, we took a two week's pack trip into the central part of Idaho. After a week's travel we came near the middle fork of the Salmon River. Mr. Scribner, the forest supervisor who was a member of our group, told us that up to that time only two parties had ever been known to traverse the entire forty mile box canyon of the river below us. This stream is often spoken of as the "River-of-no-return".

We made camp for the night, and soon after daylight the next morning, we started on foot down a steep and rough trail to the bottom of the canyon. Three of us reached the river, and while the other two fished, I spent the day exploring downstream. Upon rounding a sharp point of rocks the scene before my eyes thrilled me. As far as I could follow the river it was the same mad rushing stream, full of rapids, whirlpools, and boulders, with occasional still pools where the water halted expectantly before rushing headlong into the next maelstrom. The can-

yon walls rose in sheer majesty of solid rock hundreds of feet, only to be broken and rise again, and yet a third time before it looked safe for a novice to try to climb. The colors were not brilliant, but one could see shades of brown gradually being replaced by those of pink and red, with occasional spots of black or green, while the dull grey of granite formed a background on which the tapestry of other colors was woven.

In sharp contrast to the rocks, the vegetation stood out in brilliant hues. The fir, spruce, and lodgepole pine at the higher and less precipitous elevations appeared as huge black patches, while hanging precariously onto the ledges of the lower levels, the majestic yellow pine made one almost fear for their safety. Lichens of vivid hues covered patches of perpendicular rocks where other plants could not get a foothold. Chokecherries, service berries and other shrubs filled in much of the space between the trees, while lillies-of-the-valley, scarlet gilia, bluebells, and giant asters made a gorgeous color scheme before my eyes. At my feet and near a clear, beautiful spring, from which I drank, stood a magnificent bed of columbine, and shyly peeping from under the moss along its edge were a number of purple violets, their color all the more vivid by contrast to the blazing, large, orange blossoms of the mimulus that grew in the water. The pebbles, over which the water gaily babbled, were covered with a green and brown growth of algae. In fact, as I surveyed the scene, I became aware that all possible space was being used to its fullest extent by plant growth.

Nor were the animals absent. A crayfish and its young were creeping about in the spring, water beetles dived and played in the water, while a green worm slowly crawled from his hiding under a leaf and disappeared under the bank. A trout nearby in the river occasionally leaped into the air to get an insect, and splashed back into the water. A blue-jay and a grey squirrel above in the magnificent yellow pine alternately scolded each other and me for being intruded upon. A deer shyly came out of the brush down stream and began drinking from the river, while overhead soared an eagle surveying all below.

As I turned my eyes from the things about me and looked down the canyon, the purple haze formed a filmy curtain that my eyes could not penetrate. I looked upward into the blue of sky with its few fleecy clouds floating lazily about, and rapidly sinking in the west was the sun, shedding its life-giving rays on all below. I lay and dreamed of what was beyond the purple haze and the vivid blue, what made the flowers grow and bloom, why the river had cut such a gorgeous canyon, what gave me the intelligence to appreciate nature, and there welled up within my heart a certainty that God was present in Nature and that all was well with the world.

Importance of Budgeting

By Loreen Davis

BEFORE the world was, God called a council in the Heavens to formulate a plan for governing this universe, from beginning to end. We acknowledge the importance of this plan. We also acknowledge the importance of city, state and nation forming a plan of operation, which always includes a budget. No successful business is in existence today that does not have a similar plan and budget to govern its operation. Buyers for large firms are selected for their skill in ascertaining in advance how much or how many of each article will be required, and the best time and place to purchase it.

How then can a home be conducted in a well ordered, efficient manner without first planning and budgeting both the time and money required? If the average business were run in the same haphazard manner as most homes are, early bankruptcy would be the natural result.

We are told it is easier to earn money than to spend it wisely. Realizing the importance of training to increase the earning power, how much more important then is training for its spending. Women spend most of the money men earn—should we not do it wisely? If each dollar is placed in its allotted niche there is none left for impulsive buying of things that may strike the fancy at the moment but have little value to us later. After we have experienced the fascination of wise spending we pride ourselves on our ability to make ends meet. The feeling of security that comes with the knowledge that there is plenty for all the necessities of life, increases our serenity.

Keeping track of how much is being spent for each kind of food enables us to supply a balanced diet for our families, which in itself spells health and happiness. It is my duty as a housewife to know what a balanced diet is and to see that my family gets it. The only way I can do this is to plan in advance to buy certain articles of food. I must also know their cost in order to make my cash supply cover them—what is this but budgeting? If I do not know how to budget, I should be taught.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." I can point out to you families in our church who are operating on a budget, paying tithing, keeping well fed, well dressed, happy because free from debt and with money in the bank; while others with larger incomes are hopelessly in debt, with little to show for their earnings and nothing left for tithing. What is the reason? In the first instance careful planning of expenditures with all leaks that drain the pocketbook stopped and in the second buying whatever is wanted at the moment with nothing left for more important articles needed later.

If you are convinced you and I need a budget, how much more important that those who require our assistance, in many instances because of unwise spending, should also use one.

Our Responsibility

By Eva K. Thomas

IT IS the responsibility of every citizen to remove or prevent as far as possible evil, vice, sickness, or sorrow from community life, and to provide a proper standard of living and education, that the youth of the land and generations to follow may be strong and brave, and true.

Sir Christopher Wren rebuilt London after the great fire of 1666. The legend above his tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral reads—"If you would see his monument look around you." Such a legend may be yours if a keen sense of citizenship and community welfare makes you public spirited.

In the family are nourished many of the finest virtues upon which orderly community life depends. How deep and important are the ideals of fatherhood, motherhood, childhood. Loyalty and unselfishness develop wherever there is wholesome family life.

The family represents the first little group where the young and the old, the clever and the dull, the strong and the weak learn to live together, to work together in harmony and affection. Here the virtues of good citizenship are discovered such as the knowledge that the act of one person may hurt others; that over-work, whether on the part of parents or children, is harmful, that selfishness produces evil results; that the opinion of others should be listened to and studied.

It is through the family that women who first loved only their own little children have grown to care for the welfare of all little children. That women who have worked and sacrificed for their own children have learned to be interested in the struggles of all women to rear their children properly; and that men with families of their own to work for have understood and respected the struggles of other men to maintain proper homes.

The family also furnishes a motive for men and women to work hard and live honorable lives. There are very few people who can or who desire to live and to work for themselves alone.

The oldest form of government is that of the home with the father of the family at its head. It should be and usually is the best of all for it is founded upon love.

The community is in many respects simply an enlarged family.

Suffrage, economic conditions, educational privileges have decidedly altered and broadened the perspective of men and women. The home, that institution out of which has grown the deepest and longest experience of the race, is no longer an isolated and independent estate, even in pioneer lands, because of modern communication and invention, therefore one must have relation to and interest in community life. To obtain the greatest freedom and happiness in the art of living, there must be cooperation. Good citizenship is the key to this goal.

Today we belong to a family group, to a city or township, to a state and a nation. The city or township has most to do with our health and education, the state makes the laws for our security and the nation safeguards our liberties and regu-

lates our larger activities. In consideration of these facts, a certain degree of political education is necessary to maintain rule by the people and the ballot or our vote is the power of control.

The purpose of government is to guarantee our rights. In a country like ours, we make our own laws as is done in the New England town meeting, or we elect others to make laws for us as is done in all the State legislatures and in the National Congress.

Now if the government is for the individual and we are to help govern, we owe it to ourselves and to our fellow citizens to inform ourselves as much as possible in regard to our Government.

Every right implies a duty. If we have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, it is our sacred duty to help guarantee the same right to others.

Every American born, male or female, 21 years of age, if registered is a qualified elector or voter.

An alien or foreign born is made a citizen of these United States and given the right to vote in the following manner: After residing here at least two years, he goes before a court of law and declares his intention of becoming an American citizen. Not less than two years nor more than seven years afterward, he applies to the court for his naturalization papers and after ninety days have elapsed he appears before the judge and his application is heard. If the judge is satisfied that the applicant should become a citizen he thereupon issues a certificate of naturalization.

No foreigner can become a citizen until he has resided here at least five years.

Every voter is responsible in part for the kind of government under which he lives. It is his duty to see that good men are chosen to make the laws and other good men to enforce the laws when made.

No one who shirks the responsibility of voting has any right to complain if the laws do not suit him or if officers prove *faithless*. This government is surely for the people. It will be by the people only when all voters do their full duty at the polls.

We should all have a knowledge of the laws and ordinances of our town, county, state, and nation, sufficient at least for our individual conduct and the conduct of our own affairs.

As citizens of these United States, it is our duty to see that we are registered so that we may help to elect to office men of whom we are confident, men and women who are interested in the advancement and welfare of community, state, and nation, rather than their own advancement and personal gain.

If such men are elected to office then we can be sure that the health, education, beautification, recreation, and protection of every community will be properly supervised.

The Church is indeed a source of spiritual aid for right living. Our church goes hand in hand with law and order, advancement both spiritually and morally, for according to our 13th article of faith, "We believe in being subject to kings and presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law."

To be aware of community opportunities and help to provide them for the betterment of family life *is the privilege* and becomes the responsibility of every citizen. The citizen who assumes this responsibility can 'Look around and behold his monument.'

"I believe in the United States of

America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed, a democracy in a republic, a sovereign nation of many sovereign states, a perfect union one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity, for which American Patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, and support its constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

IN BRIGHTON

By Isabelle B. McKenzie

Have you ever been in Brighton
When the morn was rosy red?
The leaves with dew were sparkling
The birds sang overhead;
Each cloud was bathed in crimson
To greet the newborn day
As the sun came up in splendor
To chase them all away.

Have you ever been in Brighton
When the sun beat in the glade?
You took your book and blanket
To sneak off to the shade—
Your book was soon neglected
There was so much to view,
The mountains high—the squirrels—the birds
And Brighton's sky of blue.

Have you ever been in Brighton
As the sun sank in the west?
And gazed from a friendly porch
As you sat down to rest;
A calm came stealing o'er you
With the murmur of the pine—
Oh, it's nice to be in Brighton
At any sort of time.

Notes to the Field

Theological Department

IN addition to the citations quoted in Theology Lesson III, the following passage well illustrates the proper attitude in Relief Society work:

"Then said he also to him that bade him, When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee.

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind.

"And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."—*Luke* 14:12, 13, 14.

Work and Business Department

SINCE bread forms a large and important part of the diet of low-income families, and children of school age who carry their lunches, some suggestions might be helpful to the woman who makes her own or buys it at the corner grocery. The keeping qualities depend on various things such as the ingredients, the weight or size of loaf, length of time of fermentation or baking. A medium sized loaf baked a longer time at a medium temperature will keep much better and be less likely to mold than a larger one baked a shorter time at a higher temperature. Sliced bakery bread is convenient, but it dries and molds quicker than the solid loaf, due to more exposed surfaces to moisture and contaminated air. For this and other sanitary reasons it should be handled as little as possible, and lightly wrapped after it has thoroughly cooled. Bread well baked, kept in a clean, well aired receptacle in a cool place, will keep from three to eight days and be fresh and palatable. Moisture and heat together with too close and heavy wrapping causes much of the mold, off flavor and odor found in bread.

Literary Department

THE subject of just what actually were the facts in the life of Sacagawea, is a matter of debate. There are many conflicting opinions held in reference to whether or not Sacagawea died a young woman, as Mrs. Hueston in *The Star of the West* portrays, or whether she lived to be an old woman and returned to the Shoshone tribe. This will always remain a matter of doubt. The opinions of one seem to be as well founded as another. We are giving an extract from Mrs. Hueston's letter to the writer of our literary lessons, as we feel that it states her position as fairly as it can be given, and she seems to be justified in the view which she takes of the matter. After all, the important factor is, that Sacagawea was a real heroine, and that she rendered magnificent service in the expedition which meant so much to the United States. As women we honor her for what she was—a noble soul.

"I feel it is only fair to call attention to the fact that up until very recently, it has been argued, rather brilliantly, that Sacagawea returned to her own tribe; never went to St. Louis; did not send her children down to Clark and lived to a ripe old age and died on the reservation. Dr. Grace Hebard wrote a master-

ful book on that premise. But she gathered her material before the present-day sources were available. Now in the St. Louis historical society, they have the actual records where Clark paid for the schooling of the children. They have a copy of the letter Clark wrote to Charbonneau; they have the actual diary of Luttig, the clerk at Fort Manuel where she died; as well as the words of the English traveler, Breckenridge, who was on the boat with her on that long and laborious trip up the river. And every date, and every word of description, tallies with other records. I examined all records with minute attention and was obliged to accept this version. And I am happy to say that almost without exception, the American historians and Historical Departments of the different states are in complete agreement with me."

Social Service Department

EVERY effort should be made by the class leaders and members to increase the attendance at the Social Service sessions. Check with the secretary to make sure that your department is not behind any other. Aim to have more members at each session this year than at any time last year. Be pace setters, not only in the matter of attendance but in active participation in the class work and in group betterment. The lessons in this department are of the greatest importance to the older as well as the younger members because they are concerned with practical problems of community life. They aim to give encouragement to all the good in your community and to help in overcoming those features which are opposed to the highest ideals of a happy progressive life.

MRS. PEARL LEMON AND HER NINE DAUGHTERS

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

CAKE AT REXBURG STAKE ANNUAL CELEBRATION

Rexburg Stake.

THE fact that rough weather and almost impassible roads cannot daunt the courage and enthusiasm of Relief Society women was borne out on Tuesday, March 16th, when nearly six hundred women gathered in the Fourth Ward Chapel at Rexburg to do honor to the anniversary of the founding of Relief Society. The happy event was under the direction of the Stake Board, with President M. Gay Grover presiding. The hall was tastefully decorated and the Relief Society colors predominated. The first hour of the entertainment offered a musical and literary program, notable in which was an original poem by Sophie Saurey, honoring the memory of the past Relief Society Presidents of the Rexburg Stake. This was followed by the presentation of the pageant "Mothers of Men." The celebration concluded with a banquet, where a special feature was the birthday cake carrying ninety-five silver candles. It was a day of joy and renewed inspiration for Relief Society work.

Bear River Stake.

THE great interest that Relief Society women take in Temple work was borne out in the Bear River Stake when an excursion to the Logan Temple was sponsored by the Stake organization. A group of "Singing Mothers" from the Garland Ward furnished the singing for the morning meeting in the Temple, and this proved to be of great interest in bringing in a number of young mothers. A large and enthusiastic group participated and added much to the spirit of temple work.

This enterprising Stake also held a Teachers' Convention, at which time a very delightful pageant called "Women of the Ages" was presented. This was written by Maude O. Cook, and paid a beautiful tribute to the work and importance of women in the Gospel plan.

A delightful anniversary celebration was held on March 17th, and due honor paid to the annual day.

A plan to repeat the district conferences which proved so profitable the previous year, is under way. All of the Wards join in supporting the

Stake in its educational and Church Security Program.

Panguitch Stake.

ANOTHER Stake gives evidence of the great interest in Temple work which is felt by the Relief Society organization. The Panguitch Stake has held a number of excursions during the past season, and each time there is an increased attendance. The Society chartered a bus and made it possible for anyone who wished to make the trip at a very nominal cost. While the distance to be covered is more than 120 miles to reach the temple, it has been a very rare opportunity for many of the brethren and sisters who have not had the privilege of having their temple work completed. The last excursion covered three days, but the interest held throughout and a fine spirit of faith and hope in the Gospel work was in evidence.

Zion Park Stake.

THE office is in receipt of many delightful accounts of the anniversary celebration, and Zion Park is outstanding among these. Every Ward in the Stake participated in the fine celebration, which included a program of literary and dramatic effort, music and songs. An interesting feature of the occasion was that all the plays were taken from the Relief Society Magazine. Between three hundred and four hundred people participated in the happy event.

Granite Stake.

ONE of the very beautiful events closing the regular year of Relief Society work took place in the Granite Stake Tabernacle under the direction of the Relief Society Stake Presidency and Board. A pageant "The House of Israel" was splendidly presented. The Stake Board and each of the Wards had a special division. "Israel's Heavenly Origin," was the first episode presented by the Stake Board; "Israel's Division and Captivity," Hawthorne Ward; "Preparation of America for Israel," Lincoln Ward; "Israel's Earthly Origin," Richards Ward; "Israel's Rise to Power," Nibley Park Ward; "The Gathering of Israel Begins," Forest Dale Ward. The Grand Finale included the rising of the audience in singing the Doxology. The music was of very high order, the dramatic effects most artistic and the entire program portrayed, with striking power, the great history of the House of Israel and their expression through the Scriptures. It was a most inspirational demonstration of the work of the Teachers' Topic, Theology and Scripture Reading project. The Stake and each Ward should be congratulated upon the excellence of their performance.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Editorial

Tasks Worth the Doing

IT is a joy to see how many places of worship are now made attractive both outside and inside. There is a spirit present when buildings and grounds are well kept that all feel. It has often been remarked that the Temple Block preaches the Gospel because it is so beautiful. Tourists often say "What a wonderful spirit there is on this Block."

THE efforts being put forth by the Church will doubtless result in every meeting house being made attractive, a suitable place for worship. We notice too how much pride people are taking in making the grounds surrounding their homes attractive. It need cost very little. A package of petunia, or zinnia, or marigold seed, etc., may bring joy throughout the summer. The trees, shrubs, and flowers that are exchanged by friends or bought at small cost not only give satisfaction and pleasure to those who live in the home but to every passer-by. Beauty does something to us, so each householder who makes his home a place of beauty confers a benefit on all who have eyes to see it.

THE Relief Society will do well to emphasize the importance of making every home clean and attractive, the surroundings well kept and beautiful. Making a home is no small task. It requires many gifts and graces. If each woman would take pride in doing the many household tasks skillfully, she would find joy in the homely duties, for there is always satisfaction in a thing well done.

As an organization we shall find joy in doing our part to further the Beautification Project of the Church. We shall also find deep satisfaction this season in training the women in our midst to

make an art of housekeeping, so that their places of abode will manifest orderliness and beauty.

Teaching how to make good bread will be another activity that the Relief Society will engage in this year. In the organization meetings it should be pointed out what constitutes good bread. (There are some people who think they make very good bread when in reality it is very poor.)

Overcoming

OVERCOMING is one of the most strengthening tonics man knows. The Book of Mormon tells us that "It must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things. If not so, * * * righteousness could not be brought to pass, neither wickedness, neither holiness nor misery, neither good nor bad. Wherefore, all things must needs be a compound in one; wherefore, if it should be one body it must needs remain as dead, having no life neither death, nor corruption nor incorruption, happiness nor misery, neither sense nor insensibility."

It is easy to drift down stream. The weak ever choose the easy way. The strong let no obstacle overcome them. Many inventors have gone without even the necessities of life that they might continue experimenting until the desired thing was found out, until the longed-for truth was demonstrated.

Milton, during months of active pain, after sight of one eye and then of the other was lost, with marvelous strength of purpose went on with his writing, enriching the world with priceless gems.

Count Zichy, great lover of music, by the bursting of a gun, lost his right arm. Piano artistry had been his goal. The seemingly insurmountable obstacle of the loss of one arm did not daunt him. He became so expert that he gave a higher standard of left hand technique than had ever before been known. This has bettered all piano work.

Robert Louis Stevenson, dying of tuberculosis, gave by example and exhortation, lessons in cheerfulness that are unforgetable.

So often we seek easy trails, not realizing that endurance comes only through overcoming hindrances. All too often our upward climb is impeded by the valueless things we carry. Mountains of difficulty ever confront the one who would achieve. Footsore, weary, thirsty, the intrepid spirit presses on. When at last the summit is reached, those met at the top are of the best. "This companionship, however, is but one of the joys that comes to the soul of man when for the first time he looks out upon the vast sea of granite waves; as he looks down on the silver-gold backs of the clouds, the world of man's making lost to all vision; when he feels in his veins the exhilaration of within, the answer to the call of victory; when he feels thrilling the years, the call to mastery not alone of things, but of self."

Ethel Reynolds Smith

"And it shall come to pass that those who die in me shall not taste of death, for it shall be sweet unto them."

WE believe the death angel was a welcome messenger to Sister Ethel Reynolds Smith, for it released her from long suffering. Though she only tabernacled in the flesh for forty-seven years, she lived long when judged by her accomplishments and her good deeds.

She was the devoted wife of one of earth's noble men whom she loved and honored. She appreciated his worth and his loving care of her and their family. She mothered her husband's two little girls so successfully that people have said of her, "There never was a better stepmother." She gave birth to nine children and adopted one. As wife and mother she achieved her greatest success.

After working on the Salt Lake Stake Relief Society Board, she served efficiently and well as a member of the General Board for fifteen years. She was ever ready to help and to do all in her power, and she often carried more than her share of the load.

She was refined and had an innate love of the beautiful. Her home and her apparel show this artistic bent.

May her children prove worthy of their heritage. May they live the Gospel of Christ in their daily lives so that their parents will find joy in their accomplishments.

NEEDLES

By Ida Rees

A needle is a common thing,
One of many
Bits of steel with point and eye
Bought with a penny;
My needle and I have been busy today
Stitching away;
Not important, a point of steel,
Yet pioneer women hunted all day
If one did stray;
And one that stubbornly pointed north
Led sailors forth
Who found a world had been hidden away
Until that day.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 4

THE USE OF PARABLES IN CHRIST'S TEACHING

Helpful References:

Matthew 13:3-8; 21:33-34; 13:24-30, 31-33, 47-50; 22:1-14; 25:1-13; 20:1-16; 25:14-30; 13:44-46; 18:21-35.

Mark 4:26-29.

Luke 13:6-9; 14:16-24; 19:11-27; 18:9-14; 11:5-10; 18:1-8; 10:25-27; 15:4-7, 8-10, 11-32; 12:16-21; 16:19-31; 16:1-9.

Talmage, *Jesus the Christ,* Chapter 19. See also index under "Parables of Christ."

Trench, *Notes on the Parables of our Lord.*

Goebel, *The Parables of Jesus.*

Bruce, *The Parabolic Teaching of Christ.*

Buttrick, *The Parables of Jesus.*

1. *Parable Defined.* One who reads the Gospels cannot help but be impressed with the wealth of parabolic teaching contained in them. "And without a parable he spoke not to them." (Mark 4:34; see Matthew 13:34.) At the outset it will be helpful for us to inquire into the nature of the parable before we discuss the use made of it by the Savior. The word "parable" is one of about 130,000 words in the English language derived directly or indirectly from the ancient Greek. Goebel, in his book, *The Parables of Jesus,* gives, with some reservations, the following definition of a parable: *"A narrative moving within the sphere of physical or human life, not professing to communicate an event which really took place, but expressly imagined for the purpose of representing in pictorial figure a truth belonging to the sphere of religion, and therefore referring to the relation of man or mankind to God."* The parable differs from the fable in that it always borrows its matter from the sphere of actual life, whereas the latter moves in the realm of fantasy. The use of parables in the Bible is confined not to the New Testament alone; the Old Testament contains them. The one told by Nathan to David about the rich man and the poor man is notable. (2 Samuel 12:1-4.)

2. *An Element of Mercy Shown in Parabolic Mode of Instruction.* Though the use of parables was common in the days of our Lord, it is instructive to note that His disciples once came to Him and said, "Why dost thou speak to them in parables?" The implication would seem to be that His parables were only understood after considerable thought and reflection. In answer the Savior said, "To you it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of heaven; but to them it is not given. For whoever has, to him will be given, and he shall have abundance; but whoever has not, even what he has shall be taken from him. Therefore I speak to them in parables; because seeing they see not, and hearing they hear not, nor understand." (See Matthew 13:10-15.) The late Elder James E. Talmage in his *Jesus the Christ,* pertinently remarks, "There is plainly shown an element of mercy

in the parabolic mode of instruction adopted by our Lord under the conditions prevailing at the time. Had He always taught in explicit declaration, such as required no interpretation, many among His hearers would have come under condemnation, inasmuch as they were too weak in faith and unprepared in heart to break the bonds of traditionalism and prejudice engendered by sin, so as to accept and obey the saving word. Their inability to comprehend the requirements of the gospel would in righteous measure give Mercy some claim upon them, while had they rejected the truth with full understanding, stern Justice would surely demand their condemnation."

3. *The Nature and Development of the Kingdom of God.* For the sake of convenience we can, following Goebel, classify the parables into two general groups. Each of these can be divided into sub-groups. It is obviously impossible to adequately deal with all the parables in one short lesson. For that reason we shall consider but a few in each of the two general groups. The first of these groups has to do with the parables that contain teaching respecting the nature and development of the kingdom of God. One of the most interesting parables in it is the Parable of the Sower. (Matthew 13:3-8.) Possibly a better name of it would be the Parable of the Four Types of Soils. This parable deals essentially with the conditions under which the Kingdom of God is founded. In it is portrayed the fact that the success of preaching is mainly dependent on the hearers. How true this observation is can be testified to by practically all missionaries of this dispensation. The Savior compares the hearers of the word to different kinds of soil upon which a sower casts seed. The Sower may be compared to an authorized servant of God and the seed to his message. The effect of the seed depends upon the type of soil it falls upon. If it falls upon hard soil, "by the wayside," it is quickly snatched up and is of no effect. If sowed on "stony places" or "among thorns" it fares somewhat better for a time, but eventually withers away or is choked by thorns. The seed falling on good ground, however, brings forth good fruit, "some an hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold." So likewise is the effect of preaching upon human hearts. Whether the glad news of the Gospel takes effect or not depends mainly upon the type of spiritual soil it falls upon. If the soil has been hardened by sin and the conscience trodden under foot, the seed has but little chance to take root. If the soil is shallow and superficial, the seed may take root; but it soon withers away. Some soil may be good, and the seed grows; but the latter is soon choked out by the thorns of a poor environment. The "good ground" represents those individuals who are spiritually strong, who have a broken heart and a contrite spirit, who have the courage of their convictions, and who are undaunted by persecution. These bring forth much fruit, and the Church and Kingdom of God are greatly built up by them. Of such were the early pioneers of Utah.

4. *The Right Attitude of Members of the Kingdom.* The second group of parables deals with the attitude that members of the Kingdom ought to display toward God and the World. There are two very short but excellent parables that teach in a profound manner the attitude that one ought to have toward God. They are The Hidden Treasure (Matthew 13:44) and The Costly Pearl (Matthew 13:45-46). In these parables

the "Kingdom of Heaven" is likened unto a "treasure hid in a field", and unto a "pearl of great price", respectively. In the first case a certain man "goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field." In the second a merchant man, "seeking goodly pearls . . . found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." The things of God are worth acquiring if they require the sacrifice of everything we have in the world to obtain them. These parables call to mind an Abraham willing to sacrifice an only son, or a Joseph Smith willing to lay down his life, for the kingdom of God. Such men indeed receive the joy in God that sacrifices everything for the highest good.

The Parable of the Good Samaritan, one of the noblest of all parables, is a splendid example of teaching concerning the right attitude of members of the kingdom toward man. It is not necessary to recount the details of it, because it is so well known. The parable answers the question, "Who is my neighbor?" The context ought to make plain that this question, put by a lawyer to the Christ, was merely an attempt to hide his sense of shame at the unexpected turn which the conversation had previously taken. So all of us, professing to understand the Gospel, ought to be ashamed if we do not understand who our neighbor is. As the Savior unfolds the story of the wounded man and the Samaritan, certain expressions stand out. Note, "he had compassion on him", "bound up his wounds", "takes care of him", "shewed mercy on him", etc. These are all traits of our "neighbor." We ought to remember in this connection the statement of King Benjamin in the Book of Mormon. "Behold, I say unto you that because I said unto you that I had spent my days in your service, I do not desire to boast, for I have only been in the service of God. And behold, I tell you these things that ye may learn wisdom; that ye may learn that when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God." (Mosiah 2: 16-17)

Questions

1. In what sense was the Savior merciful by teaching in parables?
2. What doctrines of the Gospel can you think of that are taught in the parables? Specify the parables and give references.
3. What parables do you like best? Why?

Problems

Treat only those that time and circumstances will permit.

1. Analyze carefully the parables of The Rich Man (Luke 16:19-31) and The Unjust Steward (Luke 16: 1-9).
2. Determine the number of parables in the Doctrine and Covenants. (See index and concordance). Report on the teaching contained in them.
3. From a consideration of history show that the Gospel was taken from the Jews and given to others. What parables seem to have foreshadowed this?
4. Determine which of the Apostles of this generation has written parables or fables. If possible read a parable or a fable to the class.

Teacher's Topic

Lesson 4

THE COURAGE OF JESUS

Yearly Aim—"That we may see more clearly the character of Jesus and become so enraptured with him that we will strive to transform ourselves more and more into his image."

HAVE not I commanded thee, be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whither soever thou goest." Joshua 1:9.

"Any one can get up courage for an hour. But to be patiently heroic daily is the test of character."

"When clouds gather fast stand by your helm. Many a ship has been saved because the courage of the skipper was greater than the fury of the storm."

Courage is a virtue held in universal esteem. There has never been an age in which it has not been deemed a praiseworthy and a precious thing. Some of the world's greatest achievements have been made possible through this foundation stone of character. It is this element of courage, greater than all else, which helps individuals to heed the call of each day's struggle and combat all things that lead to failure and despair.

In the character of Jesus we find a pattern for all men—In him we find bravery at its best, courage at its loftiest. His was not a physical courage, possessed alike by man and beast; it was not a military courage, that kind which sends a soldier across the field into a burst of flame, carried forward by the very momentum of the movement; Nor was it that occasional courage that is satisfied with one great moment of exertion and of risks. His was the courage of mind and the heroism of the heart; the courage of commonplace days manifested hour by hour.

True, the New Testament gives us many illustrations of the courage of Jesus, both thrilling and picturesque, such as his cleansing of the Temple, or when he came from the Garden of Gethsemane and startled the band of men who had come to arrest him by saying "I am the man you seek."

Think of Christ's appointed work, the greatest that ever was to be done upon the earth. What toils, what grievances attended his mighty task—If he had wearied, lost courage—what then! He came to this world to serve mankind, bringing its greatest blessings, eternal life and exaltation. Instead of receiving him with gratitude as mediator and Savior he was rejected and crucified.

"His life was a tragedy of ingratitudes"—What courage one must have to go steadily on in the face of ingratitude!

What courage is required to face loss of esteem, among friends and associates when heeding the call of duty—As Jesus taught in the synagogue at Nazareth among those who had known him always, the people rose up and thrust him out of the city. But Jesus went on still teaching, still doing his duty.

What more vivid picture have we of ability to face impending trial courageously than when Jesus set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem where he knew they would scourge him, spit upon him and crucify him.

His was the courage of foregoing popular applause. He could easily

have drawn to himself the so-called "great" of his day but all men were Jesus' brothers; he associated with the poor and lowly, even with sinners, thus losing the approbation of many. Jesus said "I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."

The courage of Jesus is the kind needed by every man and woman. The courage with which to meet the problems of every day; to meet life's tests. To keep sweet in the daily grind, to keep on going hour after hour, to cast off petty irritations, to meet irksome detail with a mind undisturbed. We need to remember "it isn't the big trees that trip us up as we walk through the forest, but the vines on the ground, the low underbrush."

"The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?"

References

Jefferson, *The Character of Jesus.*
Luke 4:16-30.
Mark 10:32.
Matt. 9:10-13.

Questions

1. Explain and give examples of physical courage; military courage; occasional courage.

2. What type of courage was manifest by the Mormon Pioneers? Give illustration.

3. What type of courage is required to face ingratitude? Poverty? disappointment?

4. Upon what elements is courage based?

5. Select from the Gospels additional illustrations of every-day courage of the Master.

Literature

Lesson 4

LOG CABIN LADY

"LOG CABIN LADY" is a book written with a definite purpose. Though, in a sense, it is an autobiography inasmuch as it tells the life of the writer through her most important years, it is told chiefly to impress upon women and educators the importance of teaching their children and the children of the schools the best social usages; but, more important still, an attitude toward social forms.

The author of the book and, therefore, the subject of these next two lessons, is anonymous. We must speak of her only as Mary, but perhaps that is an advantage. We can be more objective in our discussions.

Marie M. Meloney, editor of "The Delineator," tells us in the preface how the book came to be written. She says she met the author at a luncheon where a discussion arose which resulted in her asking "Mary" for her story. "It took nearly a year to persuade this remarkable woman to put down on paper, from her recollections and from her old letters home, this simple story of a fine American life. She consented finally to write fragments of her life, anonymously. We were pledged not to reveal her identity. A few changes in geography and time were made in her manuscript, but otherwise the story is true to life, laden with adventure, spirit and the American philosophy. She has refused to ac-

cept any remuneration for the magazine publication or for royalties on the book rights. The money accruing from her labor is being set aside in the Central Union Trust Company of New York City as a trust fund to be used in some charitable work. She has given her book to the public solely because she believes it contains a helpful message for other women. It is the gracious gift of a woman who has a deep and passionate love for her country, and a tender responsiveness to the needs of her own sex."

The known items in the life of Mary can be sketched briefly. Born in a log cabin in Wisconsin, she married at twenty, a man of wealth and education from Boston whom she had met at Columbia University. He, on account of having received a diplomatic appointment in England, took his young wife almost immediately to London where they remained for a number of years.

This book, interestingly written in simple, beautiful language, relates the story of the struggle this backwoodsman's daughter had to master the social usages of the various occasions which she was called upon to face.

"I was born in a log cabin. I came to my pioneer mother in one of Wisconsin's bitterest winters," she begins her autobiography.

"Twenty-one years later I was sailing for England, the wife of a Diplomat who was one of Boston's wealthy and aristocratic sons.

"The road between—well, let it speak for itself. Merely to set this story on paper opens old wounds, deep, but mercifully healed these many years. Yet, if other women may find here comfort and illumination and a certain philosophy, I am glad, and I shall feel repaid."

"The first thing I remember is being grateful for windows. I was three years old. My mother had set me to play on a mattress carefully placed in the one ray of sunlight streaming through the one glass window in our log cabin. Baby as I was, I had ached in the agonizing cold of a pioneer winter. Lying there, warmed by that blessed sunshine, I was suddenly aware of wonder and joy and gratitude. It was gratitude for glass, which could keep out the biting cold and let in the warm sun.

"To this day windows give me pleasure."

That suggestion of windows might be taken as a sort of keynote or theme of the book. She scarcely mentions them again, but the story is of a person looking out of windows, not always sunny ones, at the splendor and grandeur of the world which sometimes warmed and thrilled but which more often frightened and scorched her.

The library which her pioneer parents had in their home at the time of the arrival of Mary consisted of " 'Bancroft's History of the United States,' several books of mathematics, Plutarch's Lives, a history of Massachusetts, a leatherbound volume of Civil War records, Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' Shakespeare in two volumes, and 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.' My mother's book, a Bible."

Until she was fourteen, Mary saw no other books. "Because 'Vanity Fair' contained simpler words than the others, it was given me first; so at the age of seven, I was spelling out pages of the immortal Becky.

"My mother did not approve, but father laughed and protested that the child might as well begin with good things."

"When I was fourteen, three tremendous events had marked my

life," she says. "Sunlight through a window pane; the log-rolling on the river when father added two rooms to our cabin; and the night I thought mother would die and leave me the only woman in eighteen miles."

The fourth event, however, was really more important than the three named—a distant relative in the East had willed Mary's father her belongings. These were sent on to the frontier home and there for the first time Mary beheld a table napkin. A little later, Mary was sent East to school where she was soon to meet the man she married.

During her association with Tom, the man she was soon to marry, Mary began to discover the many things she did not know about social usage. Intelligent though she was, she was embarrassed many times upon discovering that she had made some sort of blunder. Tom, though generous and fine, had difficulty steering her safely through social affairs.

"To-day," she wrote in her book, "I appreciate better than I could then the gentle tact with which Tom told me his family was strong on 'good form' . . . . "

"The beautiful ease of my husband's women-folk filled me with admiration and despair. I felt guilty of something. I was queer. Their voices, the intonation, even the tilt of their chins, seemed to stamp these new 'in-laws' as aristocrats of another race. Yet the same old New England stock that sired their ancestors produced my father's fathers."

Mary was wise enough to know that the difference between herself and her husband's women was merely one of education and opportunity, not one of inferior blood. But that thought was not sufficient to ward off many unpleasant moments when she found herself at a loss to know what was the best form.

Her visit to Tom's Aunt Elizabeth's home is effectively told by this woman who lays her soul bare in an effort to help other women to prepare their own daughters for a new station in life.

The journey to England as the wife of an important diplomat and her presentation at various social functions in the British capital all had their moments of tragedy for the little girl from the Wisconsin log cabin. Despite her eagerness to learn the correct dress as well as the correct social forms, she could not master everything quickly. As a result, little incidents repeatedly tripped her up like the one where she was led into speaking to Mr. Gladstone across the table and into making what we now call a "wise crack" when speaking to Sir Thomas Lipton.

"That night," says she, "I repeated my joke to Tom. Instead of smiling, he said: 'That's not the way to get on in England. It's too *Becky Sharpish.*' "

The author relates very well her presentation to the queen when, so impressed was she that despite her tutoring, she held out her hand to shake in a frank American way.

"I have realized in the years since what a real queen she was. Smiling she extended her hand—but not to be touched. It was a little wave, a little imitation of my own impulsive outstretching to a friend; then her eyes went to the next person, and I was on my way, having been presented at court and done what 'is not done' in England."

Her experience at the queen's "drawing room" and her other experiences led Mary to decide to hire a teacher. Seeing an advertisement

which read: "A lady of aristocratic birth and social training desires to be of service to a good-paying guest," she answered it and secured a Scotch lady to be her tutor. Her lessons in proper social usage began immediately, but how long they continued you will learn in the next lesson.

There is a charm to this story of an honest, intelligent, country girl. Mary has handled her life's story beautifully, giving the reader only samples of the situations in which she found herself.

Suggestions For Study

1. This book is so brief and so charming that much of it could be read with profit in class.

2. Since many of our Relief Society sisters have been reared on the farm, some exchanges of personal experience might be interesting and helpful.

3. Can you point out the qualities in this book which make for interest and charm? What would you say is the "atmosphere" or "dominant tone" of the story?

4. If there are any women in the class who have made an ocean voyage, they might relate personal experiences connected with the social life on board.

5. Why did Mary say that in the years that have passed she has come to realize what a real queen the queen really was? What did the queen do that was especially fine? Why was it fine?

6. How nearly was Tom right when he said: "Be your own sweet self and they'll love you?" Is being one's self enough?

7. Note how deftly the author mentions those with whom she associated—such men as Chauncey Depew, Mr. Gladstone, the queen. Why was skill necessary in such references?

8. It would be interesting for class members to renew their acquaintance with Becky Sharp by re-reading "Vanity Fair."

Social Service

Lesson IV

TOLERATION FOR THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS

Text: *Civic Sociology,* Edward A. Ross, Chapters XXII to XXIV

LIFE for the average adult is so controlled by the economic forces of society that selfishness and intolerance give rise to the rules which govern human living more often than not. But many people are not aware of the existence of these traits within themselves. Nor do they seem to realize that the qualities of suspended judgment and toleration toward ideas, interests, and spiritual ideals which differ from their own, although difficult to acquire, are necessary to social welfare.

These qualities are dependent upon a broad outlook on life and an altruistic concept of living from both an individual and a social point of view. For example: The struggle for individual success in daily life is apt to foster personal advancement at the expense of a one-sided attitude towards life. Community interests often develop sectional loyalty at the cost of an outlook which should embrace state-wide, national, and even international vision. Some people stoutly uphold the right to

religious freedom for themselves, but persistently deny the same privilege to others. And yet the good of society requires broad vision, loyalty to large causes, and true religious freedom. But such a comprehensive ideal challenges the social thinking of those who seek the improvement of conditions, and of those who desire that the measure of human happiness should not be limited to selfish interests and biased judgments.

The present lesson will point out the fallacy of narrow interpretations of life by developing the following purpose:

Each individual should strive to cultivate a spirit of tolerance toward those people whose ideas, interests, and spiritual attitudes differ from his own.

Three phases of the problem will be suggested: first, difficulties experienced through intolerant attitudes toward opposing religious views; second, the hindrances caused by biased points of view which result from a restricted outlook because of community localization that produces envy and jealousy; and third, short-sighted aims in the struggle for personal advancement.

Toleration implies allowance for the existence of beliefs, practices, and habits which differ from one's own, without personal feelings of resentment and opposition. Intolerance suggests an antagonistic attitude which may end in conflict.

That toleration is possible may be seen from the fact that during the last two decades there has been significant advancement toward the development of tolerance in practically all religious bodies. Particularly since the World War, Protestant churches have broadened their outlooks in search of worthy social goals. Gradually, the idea is permeating the mass mind that greater good lies in co-operating with people of different beliefs than in wasteful argument. Different creeds are participating in inter-church activities in the attempt to solve common social problems. Such facts indicate a new tolerance which it is well to cultivate rather than to oppose in any way.

Increasing broad-mindedness is also shown in the conflict which once existed between science and religion. Formerly many churchmen considered much of the teachings of science wicked, unorthodox, and heretical, punishable by imprisonment or even death.

Compare this attitude with the following statement: "Science and Mormonism see things in this world primarily in the same way and also reason as to the purpose of things in the same way; the one naming its product civilization, the other religion; both coinciding in the final generalization, viz.: The uplifting of the human race." Nelson, "Scientific Aspects of Mormonism," pg. 12.

One may not understand the statements of natural law as proposed by scientists, or be able to harmonize apparent inconsistencies with the interpretation of the revealed Word, but good judgment should make one refrain from the condemnation of things which he does not understand. Judgment calls for suspended opinion and tolerance with the hope that further pursuance of the truth will bring unity to the ideology of conflicting theories. Often members of the same religious body differ more widely than do different creeds and separate denominations.

Because of the fact that the present generation has undergone much religious uncertainty, most doctrinal beliefs and attitudes have been subject to close scrutiny. Many have been modified. And while the fundamental principles of the gospel and

the revealed plan of salvation have in no wise been altered, the application of their principles to the general scheme of life are actually receiving new interpretations.

It is quite probable that the coming generation will see more sweeping changes than the past. Mankind is in the very midst of vast changes in the social applications of Christianity. But is it wise to raise strong or passionate objections to such scrutiny and changes, to refuse the right to modify interpretations, to condemn evolving religious philosophy? The simple truths of all religious doctrine will stand the test of any scrutiny and the resistance of any application. Should not the spirit of tolerance prevail in regard to the use which oncoming generations put them to as long as life is constructive, rather than destructive, in so far as humanity is able to judge? Surely Mormonism will not fall before such a test!

What are some of the aspects in which people may be called upon to modify their religious attitudes? To anticipate the future is most difficult, but the following possibilities may be mentioned: Religious agencies for the guidance, control and amusement of youth must undergo modification, expansion and change in purpose and personnel management. They must meet the desires of youth as they exist and not as adults would like to have them. The enlarging scope and work of the Mutual Improvement Associations is a splendid example of changes in this direction. The unified participation of churches and social agencies in problems for general social improvement will probably increase. The unified control of charity by churches and social exchanges for the benefit of all recipients is an example of this function, and is illustrated by the co-operative work of the Relief Society with other organizations.

Churches are extending services to improve the physical and social betterment of the people by providing medical service, hospitalization, social and recreational facilities, athletic contests, general education, and schemes designed to improve the economic and social efficiency of people. Present points of view are bound to go through many changes as these new functions are enlarged.

The second phase of this problem, biased attitudes resulting from too localized interests, will be discussed in regard to a sectional point of view. Those people who are isolated because of physical surroundings and lack of contacts with unlike environments are of necessity local in their experiences, but not necessarily in outlook. Often people who live under such circumstances are intolerant to most opinions and ideas outside their own. But, as has been previously pointed out, few communities are so isolated in the present age, that provincial points of view are excusable. Radios, moving pictures, and other agencies of communication tell the story of life from one end of the globe to the other. Automobiles, trucks, railroads, and airplanes make of even small communities cosmopolitan centers. While none of these practices equal actual travel, they suffice for broad educational ideology.

However, this understanding of apparent conditions, customs, habits, and methods of living does not explain the underlying motives of human conduct. Members of a single family, fellow-religionists in close contact with each other, members of the same nation and race all find it difficult to make allowance for actions which are contrary to the personal point of view. Difference of

opinion among close associates arises from opposing points of view. Intolerance arises from the closed mind which will not strive to understand the opposite position. But if the selfishness which is fostered by the struggle for existence is ever to be overcome, the golden mean of understanding and tolerance toward others must at least become a part of one's conscious striving. It is well to remember that there are three sides to every question: "Your side, my side, and the one between."

All people wish to be well thought of; each desires to promote his own economic welfare and enlarge his prestige in the community. Such desires may spring from a worthy cause, but they are often pursued from a short-sighted point of view. Too often only the immediate instead of the ultimate effect is considered. But time is the test of the effects of behavior, and unless ambition is built upon a long-time basis, success is apt to be short-lived. The desire to succeed should not overshadow good judgment or allow the development of a selfish and intolerant attitude toward others.

Since toleration of opposing ideas, interests, and spiritual attitudes brings greater ultimate rewards it should characterize all emotional, mental, and objective patterns of behavior. To guard against selfish interests and biased judgments is to add to the ultimate happiness of humanity, and to increase the measure of satisfaction to one's self.

There is a pattern of human behavior which rises above the selfish struggle of life, which springs from tolerance. No better example can be given than the life of Karl G. Maeser. Extremely well-born, well-educated, and highly gifted intellectually, he came across some Mormon pamphlets when he was a youth and in a very skeptical mood, and while still a German citizen. Thirsting for knowledge, he wrote for further communication. But how he laughed, how he scorned the crude, rough usage of language in which his reply was clothed. Had he not had the insight to perceive the gospel-truths, had he not been tolerant towards the unlearned missionaries who brought their message to him, he would never have put himself in a position to receive the testimony of the gospel which came to him after he had humbled himself before God and these unlettered men. Had he not been tolerant of the crude ways of the men with whom he crossed the plains of America, he would never have discovered their sterling worth. Nor could he have achieved the high ideals which he attained in his new western home. Had he been obsessed with the pursuit of economic gain, or had he been short-sighted through a too localized point of view, he could neither have left the great heritage of education to the Latter-day Saints which he did leave, nor could he have achieved the prestige, love, and honor which came to him through his very selflessness. But toleration was the cornerstone of this man's life.

Such opportunities for tolerance and wise living continue to exist.

Activities

1. In Great Britain, the Church and State are united. Originally the Government persecuted the dissenters. Yet in 1688 the British Parliament passed the Act of Toleration, which permitted practically all Protestant Christians to worship in their own churches. From the thoughts presented in this lesson, explain why the British Government changed its official attitude.

2. The Constitution of the United States declares that every person should have the right to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience. At first each denomination condemned and opposed all others with much bitterness, but in recent years there has been a decided trend towards toleration and even towards co-operation in general social affairs. Explain why this changed attitude has come about.

Literature for Missions

TYPICAL WOMEN IN THE CHURCH

MELISSA JANE LAMBSON DAVIS

Born in the United States

THE three women briefly considered in the foregoing lessons were born in Europe. But God's noble daughters are not all natives of the same land. They are found in every country. This is to be expected for they all have the same Father in Heaven, and each child of His has sparks of divinity within it.

The subject of this sketch was American-born. She was chosen for study because she was in contact with and a part of the life of Utah from the earliest days until the present time, 1937.

Her parents, Alfred B. Lambson and Melissa Bigler Lambson, who lived in Nauvoo, were well acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and were sincerely devoted to their new religion and the Church. They left Nauvoo with the exodus of the Saints in 1846 and began the trying and difficult journey to the West. Reaching Winter Quarters, Nebraska, on the Missouri River, the father prepared a dugout to house his family during their stay in the place and through the Winter of 1846-47. It was here their first child was born and named Melissa Jane. This was November 13, 1846.

In the Spring the Lambsons left to go with a company of Saints to the Rocky Mountains. Of course, the baby Melissa could remember nothing of the long and trying journey across the plains. Suffice it to say, her family arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley in September, 1847, only a few weeks after President Brigham Young and his company reached there.

Her father soon began to build an adobe (sun-dried brick) house for the family, and when he finished it the following year, it was the first home in the Valley to have plastered rooms. But the plaster, like the adobes, was made of mud. The few nails used in the house were forged from wagon tires by her father on his anvil. Factory nails were not to be had. Even home-made ones were so scarce they had to be used very sparingly.

In the early days in the Valley to live was to work hard, to do without all kinds of conveniences, to make the few simple necessary things—houses, furniture, clothes, etc., and to eat the simplest foods. Everyone worked and suffered; but all were optimistic and happy. They endured all kinds of privations uncomplainingly, for they were free. They had left persecution far behind. The air was pure, the sunshine bright, the

enduring mountains, their shelter. That God was with them they never doubted. That He tried them severely they knew. Is not fine gold purified in the fiery furnace? They must prove themselves to be worthy of God's blessings. Out of their struggles would rise a great people to go as messengers of glad tidings to the nations of the earth, and to build beautiful temples at home. To worship God and build up His Church was their great objective. To this end the parched land must be subdued and made habitable. So all set to work with a hearty goodwill.

Melissa Jane, like all the other children of the time, grew up with the country, willingly doing her part as conditioned by her age. In childhood she saw her mother spin cotton and wool, weave the yarn into cloth, dye it with colors extracted from native weeds, cut it into patterns from which she made the family clothes. Most other mothers among the Pioneers did these things also. They made their knitted goods, wove their rag carpets, milked cows, made butter and cheese, raised fowls, tended their children, kept their homes and encouraged their husbands to worthy deeds. Yes, the women worked long hours and so did the men. But all were optimistic and happy, especially the children. They were robust and healthful, therefore bubbling over with joyous youth as normal children are wont to do when circumstances permit.

President Young was a wise and able leader. He knew that wholesome recreation was necessary to the welfare of his people. He encouraged them to sing and dance and engage in innocent amusements. He enjoyed music, drama and social gatherings. And so one of the earliest public buildings erected in Salt Lake City was the Social Hall, a place where all these things could be indulged in. This was later followed by the Salt Lake Theater, built in 1868, which became noted all over the dramatic world, on the stage of which many of the best English and American dramatists appeared.

As she grew up Melissa Jane learned to do the things she saw her mother do. Being the eldest child in the family, she was naturally called upon early in life to help with the younger children, and then gradually to help in other household work. Sooner or later she shared with her mother in doing the various types of work incident to the household. To indicate the thrift of the home, Melissa Jane relates that when seven years old she was greatly in need of a new dress. One day while playing in the yard she found an old bacon sack that some Government surveyors had thrown away. She took it to her mother. The latter made some lye by soaking wood ashes. In this she soaked the sack to remove the grease. From some weeds a coloring substance was obtained and the sack dyed brown. From this the waist was made and the skirt from a piece of blue denim. Many years later when recalling these incidents, Melissa Jane exclaimed, "My, how proud I was of my new dress!"

Her parents, believing in education, as all Latter-day Saint parents were taught to do, sent Melissa to school during the school seasons of her girlhood years. Of course, the schools in those early days were poorly equipped physically. The rooms were usually small, poorly heated and ventilated, supplied only with crude furniture and wholly unattractive. But they were richly provided with something money cannot buy—sincerity, purity of purpose and the spirit of love. The atmosphere of the schools was wholesome,

indeed. Faith in God was the common possession of pupils and teacher.

Melissa Jane remembers one of the most exciting episodes in early Utah history—the coming of Johnston's Army. She vividly remembers the consternation produced by the announcement to 2,500 picnickers at the head of Big Cottonwood Canyon, 25 miles from Salt Lake City, that a United States Army was on its way to Utah. In Missouri and Illinois the Mormons had been pillaged, driven and killed by State troops. They had fled from civilization and suffered heart-breaking agonies to find a place where they could live in peace among the mountains of the far-away West. Now an unfriendly army was coming against them. This news reached them when they were on holiday to celebrate the tenth anniversary, July 24, 1857, of the coming of the Pioneers to the Valley. The next day they returned to their homes with heavy hearts, for they were to move again and burn their homes rather than let them fall into the hands of their rapacious enemies.

But it was not necessary for them to destroy their homes. The sending of the soldiers was due to a great blunder of the President of the United States. When the misunderstandings had been cleared up, Johnston's Army entered the Valley peacefully, marched through Salt Lake City and made their camp forty miles southwest of the City. Melissa Jane said, "Though the coming of Johnston's Army was a most distressing episode, it proved to be a blessing in disguise. It was the means of providing the people with new wagons, needed supplies, etc., which the soldiers traded for grain and other farm crops." Thus again the Lord overruled evil and good resulted.

We have spoken above of some types of recreation in which the people indulged in those days. Of course, there were others. Speaking of her recreations Melissa Jane says: "We had our good times; we had corn husking 'bees', rag 'bees', candy pulls, etc. The candy was made by boiling down homemade molasses to a thick consistency and 'pulling' it. During the fruit season the girls would often get together in the afternoons and prepare fruit for drying. In the evening the boys would come for dancing. Many times we bought our tickets to shows and theaters with farm products—grain, fruits, vegetables, etc. I remember exchanging a squash or pumpkin for a ticket to the Salt Lake Theater.

"We dried a great deal of fruit. I dried peaches and exchanged them at the store for goods to make my wedding dress. We felt it was a real luxury to have a dress of 'store goods'." Such a dress made her wedding a particularly happy event, which took place November 25, 1865.

She married Albert Wesley Davis. But he had no home of his own to which he could take his bride. So they lived for more than a year in one room of her father's house. Here their first child was born. In those days young people were taught the desirability of marriage. They were advised not to wait until they had a marriage stake—home and property. Girls knew how to make and keep a home. They expected to be real help-meets to their husbands. A girl thrilled at the thought of helping her husband to make a home. Melissa Jane Davis was this kind of a wife.

Shortly after the birth of their second baby, the Davis family was called to go to the Muddy country, just beyond the present southwest corner of Utah, to help settle the region. In the early days in Utah,

President Young frequently "called" a group of families to go out to some designated place and make their homes there. Many of the Mormon towns in all the country round-about had their beginning by settlers thus called. Thus the people were spread out, the available farm lands occupied and room made for the stream of emigrants that was flowing into Salt Lake City.

But these colonizing ventures did not always succeed. The country was new. The climatic conditions were not well known. People had not lived here long enough to learn the vagaries of the weather. Among the very few failures was the venture on which the Davis family was called. The country during the summer was hot and dry. The rains were not spread over the season. They came in the late summer after long periods of dryness in the form of cloud-bursts, causing floods.

The Davis family responded to the call and went into the inhospitable country. Their bedroom was a wagon box. Their kitchen was a cone-shaped enclosure made by driving stakes into the ground and weaving willows through them. It had a door with willow hinges but no windows. This structure was patterned after an Indian "wickiup." Their food was scarce, and they ate anything they could get. Some of the people lived on wild segos—small bulbs dug from the soil of the surrounding country. The summer heat was so intense that Sister Davis had to wrap wet cloths about her head to endure it. She said they all came down with the ague, and she went to bed every other day with chills.

But a worse misfortune awaited them. The heavy rains resulted in floods that rushed away their crops leaving them wholly destitute. Seeing their pitiable situation President Young released the settlers from the call to reclaim the region and told them to move wherever they wanted to go. The Davis family returned to Salt Lake City, and were helped by relatives "to get on their feet." After finally recovering from the ague, they moved across the Jordan River on to a farm where they built a modest home in which they lived for many years, their children in the meantime numbering three sons and six daughters.

The hard work on the farm was varied by public activities. Her husband became Bishop of the Ward, was a member for many years of the City Council of Salt Lake City, filled two missions for the Church, attended to other public duties and finally was ordained a Patriarch. Sister Davis also faithfully did her part, supporting her husband in all his activities, besides working in women's organizations. When their family was raised, she was called with her husband as an ordinance worker in the Salt Lake Temple.

Sister Davis passed away, August 26, 1937 in her ninety-first year. The quality of her motherhood and service in the Church is indicated by her posterity. Her *living* posterity at this date consists of 7 children, 30 grandchildren, 43 great-grandchildren, and 2 great-great-grandchildren. Both sons have been on missions, have served in Bishoprics and several other Church positions; the daughters are all active Church workers, one of them on the Relief Society General Board, another on the Primary General Board, and another was a Relief Society General Board member when she died. The others are working on Stake and Ward Boards. All the daughters and many of the grandchildren have been or are now members of choirs. All grandsons who are old enough

hold positions in the Priesthood quorums and in auxiliary organizations. Her posterity is "true to the faith." They have seen in her righteous life an example worthy of emulation.

Questions For Discussion

1. Point out that Melissa Jane Davis was "born of goodly parents."
2. What qualities of character did her parents exhibit?
3. Which of these qualities did Sister Davis exhibit?
4. Tell why the journey from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City was trying and difficult.
5. Tell why her parents came to Salt Lake City.
6. Outline some of the conditions prevailing in Salt Lake City during the first years.
7. Name one or two things President Young did that show he was a wise and able leader.
8. What school advantages did Melissa have?
9. What were the motives that took Melissa's parents to the Muddy country?
10. Tell why you think she was a good wife and mother.
11. A fine posterity proves fine qualities in the parents, especially in the mother. Point out that Sister Davis' faith and nobility of character were rewarded.

Child Guidance

Lesson 4

SEX EDUCATION

CURIOSITY about sex is as natural to the child as his inquiries about how the moon got up in the sky or what makes the flowers bloom. The great problem in sex education is to teach the child that home is the most reliable and ready source of sex information he can find.

Restraints of good taste require that sex questions be discussed privately. But the child should not be made to feel that all that pertains to sex is low and wicked. Lack of reliable knowledge and repression of all discussion leads to a furtive interest which is finally satisfied in the alley. This information is not only unreliable, but it is tainted with vulgarism, which is an obstacle to the proper idealizing of love.

A child is curious about sex at first in exactly the same manner as he is curious about the beating of his heart or the working of his stomach. There is nothing wicked in his thoughts. Physically he is not mature sexually until he is about fifteen years of age. Sex, therefore, does not mean the same thing to him that it does to an adult whose moral attitudes about the whole problem are highly developed.

Adult attitudes are so different from those of the child that children's questions are most likely to embarrass their parents. The child asks questions out of sheer curiosity in all it sees; the parent answers with expressions of shame and secrecy—and these are adult attitudes which in no way satisfy the child's need for information. When the parent scolds a child for asking where babies come from, she makes him afraid to ask that question again and many others that trouble his mind. A sense of shame is easily cultivated in the child,

and this feeling drives him from his mother's side to children in the streets or back yards for his information. Curiosity is not checked by refusal of information, but is rather stimulated and made secretive. Children *will* find some kind of answers to their questions whether we relish the thought or not.

An unfortunate result of refusing unemotional and truthful answers to sex questions is that the parent alienates herself from the child in a field in which her wise counsel will be most needed later on.

Some parents fear that the child will lose his innocence when he is told the truth, and that knowledge will somehow lead to experiment. In sex education, knowledge must come before experiment. Knowledge properly given will probably dispose, to a certain extent, of the desire and need for experiment. Secret sex experiments and the resulting perversions undoubtedly often arise and persist because the inquiring child is driven from his mother's side to secret places where there are no controls over his conduct. In other words, to guide the child's sex development, the mother must keep him coming to her with his questions.

Children occasionally ask sex questions as early as two years. The period of greatest questioning comes between four and ten years, and quite a large per cent ask their first sex question at five years. Questions most frequently asked pertain to the origin of babies, coming of another baby, growth before birth, the process of birth, sex organs and their functions, physical differences between the sexes, the father's part in reproduction and the meaning of marriage.

A mother must have some sort of accurate knowledge of the facts before she can answer these questions reliably. To the question.

"Where do babies come from?" such answers as "From Heaven" or "God sends them" are theologically correct, but not suited to the intellectual needs of the child. He may seek more details from an unreliable and vulgar source if you do not supply them. For a small child, four or five years old, surprisingly simple but accurate answers often satisfy. An example follows:

Billy, six years old, asked his mother "What did I grow from?"

Mother: "You grew from a tiny cell, much tinier than the point of a pin. You lived in my body until you were strong enough and large enough to be born. Then you came outside."

Billy: "Why do mothers go to the hospital?"

Mother: "Because a doctor has to help the baby come out, and has to cut and tie the cord through which the mother feeds the stomach of the baby. The mother is rather tired by the time this has happened, so she stays and rests a few days at the hospital."

Billy: (throwing arms around Mother); "Oh, poor mother!"

Mother: "Oh, it isn't 'poor Mother', Billy, at all. Mother is so happy to have a new baby."

Billy: "Well, I wouldn't want it to happen to me!"

To speak to a child in this manner is not easy for most parents. Use of the proper names for sex organs and the steps in reproduction relieves some of the emotional tension. Correct terms are preferred because they can be found in scientific literature which the child will need in his later education, and because correct terms are not emotionally colored as is the slang of the street.

Analogies from domestic animals,

birds and plants are often useful, partly because a child's curiosity often arises from watching their mating and growth. Sometimes a chicken which is being prepared in the kitchen is useful in illustrating what is meant by eggs or seeds and the appropriate comparison drawn to the human body.

When parents are advised to freely impart knowledge of this kind, certain cautions are to be kept in mind. First, the curiosity of the child should be the guide as to how much should be told. Mental growth of the child will call for more information at different stages of development. But he should not be put off by "Oh, you are too young to ask questions like that." Some questions cannot be fully explained to the child until his mind grows to a certain stage, but there is no excuse for not making an attempt to satisfy the child with something as near the full truth as he can grasp.

This freedom of conversation between parent and child should always be qualified by a certain good taste that calls for a degree of privacy, if not secrecy. The child should be taught that sex questions are private among themselves in the home, that just as people do not enter others' houses without their clothes on, neither should they talk about sex with people outside the home. If a child comes in with a vulgar expression from the street, the parent should realize that he has not yet acquired all of the emotional associations of the words that an adult has. The mother should teach the child the correct words and show him that they are the ones used by the home folks and that it is a home matter that should not be talked about on the street, nor generally with groups of people even at home.

Careful cautioning will soon teach most children the good taste of not raising sex questions in public and not carrying newly acquired information to everyone in the neighborhood. This accomplished, the parents' problem is greatly simplified, and much of the strain of the educational program is removed.

An intelligent program of sex education throughout pre-adolescence (up to about twelve or thirteen years) should keep relations of companionship between the parents and child that make possible the lending of a helping hand through the troubled years of romance. Most children cease asking questions after ten years of age, perhaps because the parents have closed the door by then through withholding information and by administering lectures which show a lack of understanding of the child's problems. Adolescents have problems which require more intelligent help than ever before in their lives, and useful is the parent who is still "in with" her child at this age.

If the proper attitudes and controls have been developed during the previous years, the adolescent child will be well fortified to meet his problems. This would mean that he has been well prepared for marriage and family life by having acquired a proper knowledge of sex matters such as would tend to free him from some of the emotional handicaps that lack of knowledge often produces, and handicaps that so frequently contribute to the difficulties that interfere with marital happiness. At the same time, close harmony between the parent and child should have cultivated the controls that make him desirable as a virtuous candidate for marriage.

Home, including both parents, should be the primary source of knowledge and ideals in sex education. However, there is no question

but that M. I. A. activities and courses of study are important influences in harnessing the vital energies at a critical period of life, and in engendering the family ideals which characterize the Latter-day Saint home.

To teach that happy home and love life is the reward of good living is a far more promising educational procedure than to emphasize too much the punishments of a wicked life. Latter-day Saint ideals of home life are invaluable incentives toward wholesome living. Sex education should be directed toward making the home more secure and more happy.

Problems for Discussion

1. Contrast the attitude of the child toward sex questions with the attitude of the adult. Why are their attitudes so different?

2. Discuss the courageousness of the parent who "turns off" all of the child's sex questions because to discuss them is "so embarrassing." What evil arises from "silence"?

3. What is your opinion as to whether sex information tends to preserve or destroy the virtue of the child?

4. State some cautions you think are important in guiding the parent in giving information to the child.

5. What part should "good taste" play in sex education? Distinguish between good taste on the one hand, and evasion, prudish shame and secrecy on the other hand.

ALONE

By Vilate Perkins Kent

Alone today, and all a-sea,
No help seems nigh to strengthen me.
Life's troubled waters o'er me roll
And doubt besets my inmost soul.

The way seems long—the pathway dark,
No peace affords my storm-tossed bark;
My faltering step no gain has made,
I cannot see—I am afraid.

Afraid to venture forth alone—
Afraid of that which is unknown.
I hear no answer to my call—
I faltering stand, I fear to fall.

Alone! Must ever thus I go?
No peace my anguished soul to know?
Doubtful and faltering all the way,
My fear increasing day by day?
No star of faith to be my guide?
No friend to travel by my side?
Nor know that bless'd security
Of placing all my trust in Thee?

Epilogue.

Alone! Alone! Yet need I be?
How could I doubt Divinity?
'Twas His great wisdom placed me here,
Then should I question, doubt or fear?

E'en though my mind can't comprehend
The vast beginning or the end;
No, Lord, I'll trust Thee day by day,
Thy arm upholds me all the way.

Where Do Babies Come From?

By Virginia B. Jacobsen

LITTLE Nora, age six, sat sewing with her mother. Apparently she was paying little attention to the tiny white garments on which her mother was working. Finally out of a clear sky of other conversation came the remark, "It's a shame we don't have a baby to wear those pretty clothes you are making!"

"Would you like to have another little brother or sister?" asked her mother.

"Oh, Mother, I think it would be wonderful!" beamed Nora.

"Then, I will tell you a secret. We are going to have a little baby soon."

"Are we really? How do you know?" was the natural question.

"Because it is growing inside my body. Would you like to feel it move?"

Nora looked surprised. "Could I really feel it move?" She went to her mother's side, and her mother placed her small hand on the spot where a wee growing human was making its presence felt.

Nora's eyes beamed. "Oh, Mother, I think it is just wonderful! I have wished for so long that we would have a baby. Does Daddy know?"

"Yes, Daddy knows. He and I planned for it months ago. I am glad that you are so happy about it. You can help me get things ready for our little baby."

Nora's mother was wise to meet the situation when it arose, without emotion, embarrassment, undue secrecy, or any tendency to avoid the issue. Nora was a perfectly normal child, and she responded to her mother's reply in the same spirit in which her mother responded to her question. It had been a perfectly normal and natural question. It was a natural and normal reply.

If Nora is a questioning child and asks the next question which is likely to occur to her, "But, mother, how will the baby get out?" she must be answered. If we do not answer the question of birth when it arises, the child will likely figure it out for himself—not very correctly or satisfactorily—but he will figure it out in some manner. Or worse still, he will perhaps get erroneous information from ill-informed companions.

It is a very simple matter to say to this question of how the baby will be born or "get out," "There is a special little passage-way in every mother just made to bring the baby down and out into the world when the baby is ready to be born."

This will be enough for some children, but with others we can go a little further to ease their minds and explain that the passageway is closed down usually, so that it is fairly small. But when the baby is ready to come, the muscles stretch so that the passage is large enough to permit the baby to be born. If the question of pain comes up, we should not worry the child with recitals of pain, but should simply say, "Of course it hurts, but we all must be able to stand pain at times. It is just part of being brave."

As long as a child continues to ask questions, the mother should answer. If she is old enough for the question, she is ready for the answer. The time to answer any question is the time it occurs to the child. We parents are often shocked and surprised at the questions put to us, but we must be ready for them.

Hygeia and Parents magazines are both urging that parents adopt a sane attitude toward sex education of chil-

dren, but they stress the need of first educating the parents. The modern approach to the discussion of sex education involves first of all the adequate preparation of parents for their part in shaping the thinking and feeling of a child with regard to sex.

Hygeia says: "Parents attitudes on this subject depend to a large degree on the kind of preparation they have had or take the trouble to secure for their function as teachers in the matter of sex.

"A satisfactory preparation includes four things: first of all, a satisfactory adjustment as husband and wife, for if there is physical or psychic maladjustment, they are poorly qualified for the sex education of a child; second, an adequate parental understanding of the nature of sex and its relation to the highest individual and social values in human life; third, a suitable vocabulary to tell the children the needed facts; and last, the ability of the parents to face the question in a matter-of-fact way without a sense of confusion, shame or guilt when a child asks his inevitable question. Nothing parents say is nearly so effective as the way it is said."

The question of where babies come from is likely to arise in a number of different forms, but no matter how it arises it must be answered. A child brings his questions to the person who answers him. A line of communication established between parent and child is one of the most important accomplishments. "I'll ask mother," is one of the safest and happiest situations which can exist between mother and child.

Turn back the pages of your own experience, and remember the time when these questions came into your mind. Were you told the fable of the stork, the cabbage, or the rose, or one of a dozen impossible tales? Or were you fortunate enough to have a mother, who even then, believed that these questions were right and natural and should be answered? If your mother did answer your first question honestly and frankly with perhaps a touch of sentiment, you went back to her thereafter for further information. But if she put you off, and avoided your question, you knew she was trying to wiggle out of the truth and you felt that there was something about it to be avoided. From then on you went elsewhere to satisfy your mind on these problems.

Although the question of where babies come from is the most frequent one of the early years, we do not escape other questions. And they too must be answered. "Why do people always get sick when they have babies?"—"Why can't we have a baby?"—"What makes your tummy so fat?" "How can you tell a baby boy from a baby girl?" These and countless other questions frequently confront us at moments when we are least in the mood for answering them. But our mood has nothing to do with the situation. We parents must be prepared to face any such problem at the moment when it arises.

There need be no embarrassment in answering the question of life. The child feels embarrassment only when we ourselves show it. If we are prepared with the proper information, it is a simple matter to answer these perfectly natural questions when they arise. And they do arise in the mind of every normal boy or girl at some time. If your child is not coming to you for information you can rest assured that he is getting his knowledge from some other sources, and nine times out of ten the information he is getting is neither correct nor wholesome.

There is no excuse, today, for mothers and fathers who fail to properly prepare their children for clean, wholesome sex life. Our libraries are supplied with splendid books which will be of great help in preparing the parent for this great responsibility.

The following list of books is available in most libraries or may be purchased at any book store:

New Patterns in Sex Teaching, by Frances Bruce Strain. (We recommend this book for every home library.) $2.00.

Growing Up, by De Schweinitz. $1.75.

Parents and Sex Education, by Gruenberg. $1.00.

Sex Education for the Child, by Mary D. Wareing.

Note: The above books can be secured from the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah. The prices quoted do not include postage and sales tax.

SEGO LILY

By Vesta P. Crawford

Oh lily of the desert,
Flower of the arid loom,
The year now turned to summer
Has brought thy velvet bloom;

Oh lily of the desert,
Flower of the lonely place,
Long have thy fragile blossoms
Adorned this barren space;

Oh lily of the desert,
A chalice brimmed with light,
The shadowed rocks are lumined
By petals shining, white;

Blossom of the promised land,
Bright on history's page,
Forever may thy splendor glow
Among the western sage!

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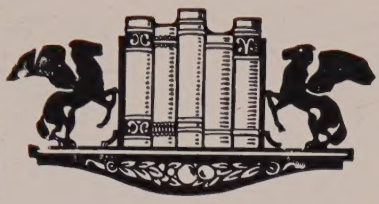

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A red light means **"Danger!"** And when you see a red light along the highway, you are warned of whatever danger might be ahead—washout, sharp curve, or other menace. Thus warned, you forestall calamity.

But what of the hazards along the highway of life—sickness, accident, death? More often than not, there are no signs of warning to protect you from these.

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